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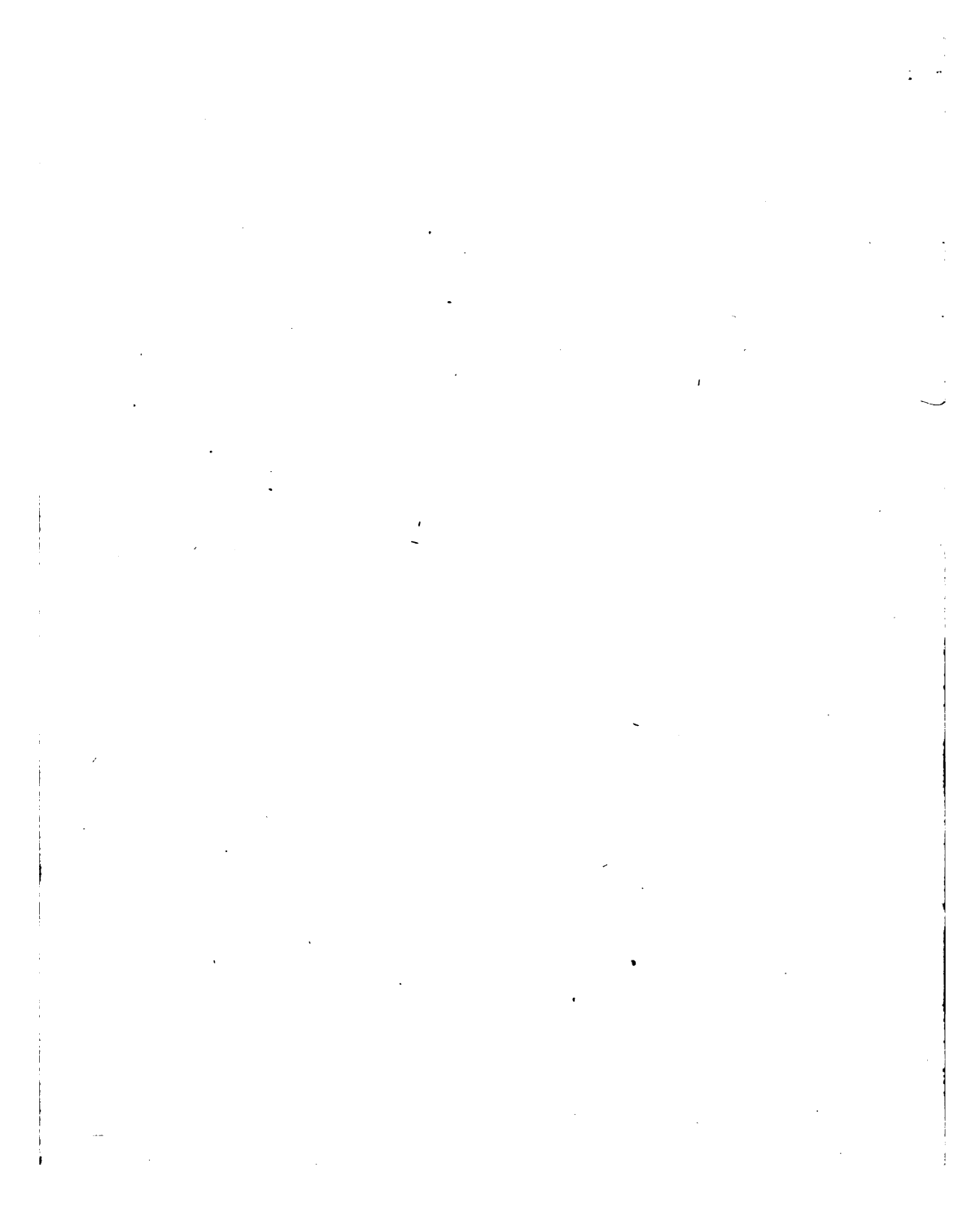


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Frontispiece

MONUMENT TO THE MINUTE MEN AT LEXINGTON, MASS.

THE
CHARACTER BUILDING READERS

BY

ELLEN E. KENYON-WARNER, P.D.

AUTHOR OF "THE CULTURE READERS"; JOINT AUTHOR OF THE
"WARD RATIONAL READERS"

SIXTH YEAR
FIDELITY AND JUSTICE



HINDS, NOBLE & ELDREDGE
NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA

1910

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INTRODUCTION

THE Sixth Year Reader impresses the following group of allied virtues :

Justice: to persons; to animals; to principles; in reasoning.

Fidelity: to a friend; to a cause; to a task; to an ideal; to a resolve.

Generosity: to neighbors, friends, and wayfarers; to the conquered; to the weak; to the delinquent.

Sincerity: in language and manner; in quality of service; with one's self.

Enthusiasm: for the good and true; for friends and country; for pursuits.

Within these are bound up special modes of the same workings of mind and conscience: *faith, forgiveness, loyalty, chivalry, honor, and honesty.*

If the student is benefiting by this Course, as intended, he is becoming more exacting with himself year after year as his ideals rise and clarify and as conduct based on long-accepted principle becomes habitual and afterward spontaneous and sure, as if arising from native, instinctive impulse.

Language Study should proceed by the pupil's own researches, as suggested by new words met with in the Reader and other text-books. The dictionary should become a familiar instrument in this grade, and encyclopædia reference should be begun.

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SIXTH YEAR

I. IF I WERE A VOICE

1. If I were a voice — a persuasive voice —
 That could travel the wide world through,
 I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
 And speak to men with a gentle might,
 And tell them to be true.
 I'd fly, I'd fly o'er land and sea,
 Wherever a human heart might be,
 Telling a tale, or singing a song,
 In praise of the right — in blame of the wrong.
2. If I were a voice — a consoling voice —
 I'd fly on the wings of air ;
 The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
 And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
 To save them from despair.
 I'd fly, I'd fly o'er the crowded town,
 And drop, like the happy sunlight, down
 Into the hearts of suffering men,
 And teach them to rejoice again.

3. If I were a voice — a pervading voice —
 I'd seek the kings of earth;
 I'd find them alone on their beds at night,
 And whisper words that should guide them
 right—
 Lessons of priceless worth.
 I'd fly more swift than the swiftest bird,
 And tell them things they never heard—
 Truths which the ages for aye repeat,
 Unknown to the statesmen at their feet.
4. If I were a voice — an immortal voice —
 I'd speak in the people's ear;
 And whenever they shouted "Liberty!"
 Without deserving to be free,
 I'd make their error clear.
 I'd fly, I'd fly on the wings of day,
 Rebuking wrong on my world-wide way,
 And making all the earth rejoice —
 If I were a voice — an immortal voice

— CHARLES MACKAY.

Every duty we omit obscures some truth we
 should have known.

— JOHN RUSKIN.

II. THE ARAB AND HIS HORSE

1. A caravan on its way from Damascus to Acre was once attacked by a tribe of Arabs. The robbers were successful; their victory was complete; the booty ample and rich.

2. But while engaged in dividing their spoils the Arabs in their turn were interrupted by a body of Turkish troops that had been sent out from Acre for the protection of the caravan.

3. The tide of fortune was now changed. The Arabs were overpowered. Many were slain, and the rest made prisoners. The prisoners were securely tied by cords, and conducted to Acre for punishment.

4. Among the Arabs was a man named Abou, who was the owner of a horse of great beauty and value. Abou was wounded by a bullet in his arm during the combat. The wound was not mortal; he was therefore placed by the Turks on the back of a camel, and led off with the other prisoners. The conquerors took possession of the horse.

5. The evening before they were to enter Acre the whole party encamped in the mountains. The feet of the wounded Arab were bound together by a leather thong; and he lay stretched near the tent where the Turks were sleeping.

6. Being kept awake by the pain of his wound, he heard the neighing of his horse amongst the other horses which were fastened to stakes around the tents in the open air, according to the oriental usage.

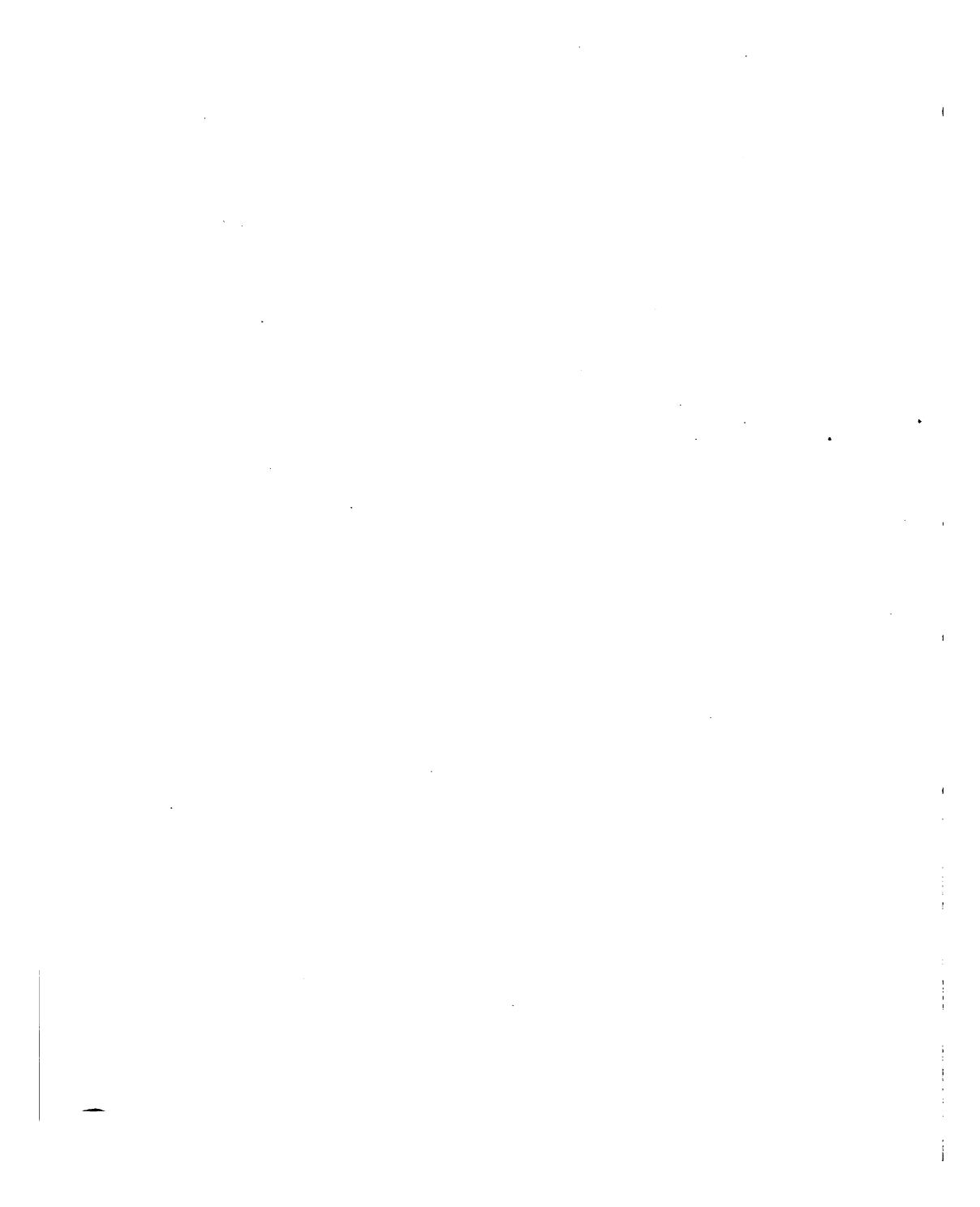
7. Abou recognized its voice. He could not resist the desire to see and caress once more the faithful animal which had been the companion and friend of years. With the assistance of his hands and knees, he dragged himself with difficulty along the ground, till he reached the spot where the horse was fastened.

8. "My poor friend," said he to the faithful animal, "what wilt thou do among the Turks? What will become of thee? Instead of the broad desert, thou wilt be immured in the narrow arches of a khan! Instead of the pure air of heaven, thou wilt breathe the unwholesome exhalations of a crowded stable!

9. "The women and children will no longer share with thee their bowl of camel's milk — no longer bring thee barley or millet in the hollow of their hands! No longer will tiny fingers feed thee with crusts of bread under the palm trees in the starlight! Thy hoofs will no longer beat the sands of the desert, fleetier than the wind of Egypt! No more wilt thou divide the waters of Jordan with thy breast, and cool therein thy skin, whiter than their foam.



"THE FAITHFUL STEED EXPIRED FROM FATIGUE."



10. "Though I remain a slave — be thou free!
Go, return to the tent which thou lovest so well!
Say to my wife that her husband will return no
more! Put thy head under the curtains of the tent,
and lick the hands of the children who will never
again know a father's love!"

11. With his teeth Abou gnawed through the
cord of goat's hair with which the legs of the horse
were fastened. The animal was free. But at the
sight of his master bound and wounded at his feet
the faithful and sagacious steed understood, by
instinct, what no language could explain to him.

12. He stooped his head, and affectionately
smelled the Arab's face and person; then seizing
with his teeth the leathern thong with which the
man's waist was girdled, he lifted him from the
ground, and bore him off at a full gallop.

13. With his burden still in his mouth he arrived
at the tent, where, laying his master on the sand at
the feet of his astonished wife and children, he fell
himself, and expired from fatigue.

14. All the tribe wept over the faithful steed.
The Arab poets have celebrated his virtues in
many a song; and to this day his name is con-
stantly in the mouths of the Arabs of the desert.

— LAMARTINE.

III. THE ARAB AND THE ROBBER

1. In a certain tribe of Arabs of the desert there was a horse whose fame was spread far and near. A Bedouin of another tribe, by name Daher, desired extremely to become its owner.

2. Having offered for it in vain his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire.

3. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, and to tie his leg to his neck so as to appear like a lame beggar.

4. Thus he went to a certain place which Naber, the owner of the horse, designed to pass. When he saw Naber approaching on the beautiful steed he cried out in a weak voice : " I am a poor stranger. For three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying. Help me, and Heaven will reward you."

5. The Arab kindly offered to take him up on his horse, and carry him home. But the rogue replied : " I cannot ride. I have no strength left."

6. Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and with great difficulty set the seeming beggar on its back.

7. But no sooner did Daher feel himself in the

saddle than he gave spurs to the horse, and galloped off, calling out as he did so: "It is I — Daher. I have got the horse and I am off with it."

8. Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being overtaken, he turned and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear.

9. "You have taken my horse," said the latter. "Since Heaven has willed it, I submit. But I beseech you never to tell any one how you obtained it." "And why not?" said Daher.

10. "Because," said the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of others refusing to perform an act of charity, for fear of being duped as I have been."

11. Struck with shame at these generous words, Daher was silent for a moment. Then, springing from the horse, he returned it to its owner, embracing him in token of esteem. Naber invited him to his tent, where they spent some days and became fast friends.

— *Selected.*

"There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth."

IV. TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER'S SHOES

1. Two little, rough-worn, stubbed shoes,
 A plump, well-trodden pair,
 With striped stockings thrust within,
 Lie just beside my chair.
2. Of very homely fabric they;
 A hole is in each toe;
 They might have cost, when they were new,
 Some fifty cents or so.
3. And yet this little, worn-out pair
 Is richer far to me
 Than all the jeweled sandals are
 Of Eastern luxury.
4. This mottled leather, cracked with use,
 Is satin in my sight;
 These little tarnished buttons shine
 With all a diamond's light.
5. Search through the wardrobe of the world,
 You shall not find me, there,
 So rarely made, so richly wrought,
 So glorious a pair.

6. And why? Because they tell of her
Now sound asleep above,
Whose form is moving beauty, and
Whose heart is beating love.
7. They tell me of her merry laugh ;
Her rich, whole-hearted glee ;
Her gentleness and innocence,
And infant purity.
8. They tell me that her wavering steps
Will long demand my aid ;
For the old road of human life
Is very roughly laid.
9. High hills and swift descents abound ;
And, on so rude a way,
Feet that can wear these coverings
Would surely go astray.
10. Sweet little girl, be mine the task
Thy feeble steps to tend ;
To be thy guide, thy counselor,
Thy playmate, and thy friend.
11. And, when my steps shall faltering grow,
And thine be firm and strong,
Thy strength shall lead my tottering age
In cheerful peace along.

— CHARLES J. SPRAGUE.

V. THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

1. I was a boy ten years old when the troops marched away to defend Washington. I saw the troops, month after month, pour through the streets of Boston. I saw Shaw go forth at the head of his black regiment, and Bartlett, shattered in body but dauntless in soul, ride by to carry what was left of him once more to the battlefields of the Republic. I saw Andrew, standing bareheaded on the steps of the State House, bid the men godspeed. I cannot remember the words he said, but I can never forget the fervid eloquence which brought tears to the eyes and fire to the hearts of all who listened. To my boyish mind one thing alone was clear, that the soldiers, as they marched past, were all, in that supreme hour, heroes and patriots. Other feelings have, in the progress of time, altered much, but amid many changes that simple belief of boyhood has never altered.

2. And you, brave men who wore the gray, would be the first to hold me, or any other son of the North, in just contempt if I should say that, now it is all over, I thought the North was wrong and the result of the war a mistake. To the men who fought the battles of the Confederacy we hold out our hands freely, frankly, and gladly. We have no bitter memo-

ries to revive, no reproaches to utter. Differ in politics and in a thousand other ways we must and shall in all good nature, but never let us differ with each other on sectional or state lines, by race or creed.

3. We welcome you, soldiers of Virginia, as others more eloquent than I have said, to New England. We welcome you to old Massachusetts. We welcome you to Boston and to Faneuil Hall. In your presence here, and at the sound of your voices beneath this historic roof, the years roll back, and we see the figure and hear again the ringing tones of your great orator, Patrick Henry, declaring to the first Continental Congress, "The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American."

4. A distinguished Frenchman, as he stood among the graves at Arlington, said, "Only a great people is capable of a great civil war." Let us add with thankful hearts that only a great people is capable of a great reconciliation. Side by side, Virginia and Massachusetts led the colonies into the War for Independence. Side by side, they founded the government of the United States. Morgan and Greene, Lee and Knox, Moultrie and Prescott, men of the South and men of the North, fought shoulder to shoulder and wore the same uniform of buff and blue—the uniform of Washington.

5. Mere sentiment all this, some may say. But it is sentiment, true sentiment, that has moved the world. Sentiment fought the war, and sentiment has reunited us. When the war was closed, it was proposed to give Governor Andrew, who had sacrificed health and strength and property in his public duties, some immediately lucrative office. A friend asked him if he would take such a place. "No," said he; "I have stood as high priest between the horns of the altar, and I have poured out upon it the best blood of Massachusetts, and I cannot take money for that." Mere sentiment truly, but the sentiment which ennobles and uplifts mankind.

6. So I say that the sentiment manifested by your presence here, brethren of Virginia, sitting side by side with those who wore the blue, tells us that, if war should break again upon the country, the sons of Virginia and Massachusetts would, as in the olden days, stand once more shoulder to shoulder, with no distinction in the colors that they wear. It is fraught with tidings of peace on earth, and you may read its meaning in the words on yonder picture, "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable!" — HENRY CABOT LODGE.

This selection is from an address delivered June 17, 1887, at Faneuil Hall, Boston, to a body of Confederate Veterans whose visit to the North was that day celebrated by a banquet in their honor.



FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON

VI. THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the
perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gal-
lantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting
in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was
still there:
Oh, say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave?
2. On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of
the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering
steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half dis-
closes?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first
beam,

In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
 'Tis the star-spangled banner! Oh, long may
 it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the
 brave!

3. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
 That the havoc of war and the battle's confu-
 sion

A home and a country should leave us no more?
 Their blood has washed out their foul foot-
 steps' pollution;

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the
 grave;

And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth
 wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the
 brave!

4. Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved homes and war's deso-
 lation!

Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-
 rescued land

Praise the power that hath made and pre-
 served us a nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto, "In God is our trust":
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall
 wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the
 brave.

— FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

VII. DESTRUCTION OF INSECTS

1. A wanton destruction of insects, simply because they are insects, without question as to their habits, without inquiry as to their mischievousness, for no other reason than that, wherever we see an insect, we are accustomed to destroy it, is wrong. We have no right to seek their destruction if they are harmless. Our only thought of an insect is that it is something to be broomed or trodden on. There is a vague idea that naturalists sometimes pin them to the wall, for some reason that they probably know; but that there is any right, or rule, or law that binds us toward God's minor creatures, scarcely enters into our conception.

2. A spider in our dwelling is out of place, and the broom is a scepter that rightly sweeps him away; but in the pasture, where he belongs, and you do not — where he is of no inconvenience, and does no

mischievous — where his webs are but tables spread for his own food — where he follows his own instincts in catching insects for his livelihood — why should you destroy him there, in his brief hour of happiness? And yet, wherever you see a spider, “Hit him!” is the law.

3. Upturn a stone in the field. You shall find a city unawares. Dwelling together in peace are a score of different insects. Worms draw in their nimble heads from the dazzling light. Swift shoot shining, black bugs back to their covert. Ants swarm with feverish agility and bear away their eggs. Now sit quietly down and watch the engineering and economy that are laid open to your view. Trace the canals or highways through which their traffic has been carried. See what strange conditions of life are going on before you. Feel sympathy for something that is not a reflection of yourself. Learn to be interested without egotism.

4. But no, the first impulse of rational man, educated to despise insects and God’s minor works, is to seek another stone, and, with kindled eye, pound these thoroughfares of harmless insect life until all is utterly destroyed. And if we leave them and go our way, we have a sort of lingering sense that we have fallen somewhat short of our duty. The most universal and the most unreasoning destroyer is

man, who symbolizes death better than any other thing.

5. I, too, learned this murderous pleasure in my boyhood. Through long years I tried to train myself out of it; and at last I have unlearned it. I love, in summer, to seek the solitary hillside—that is less solitary than even the crowded city—and, waiting till my intrusion has ceased to alarm, watch the wonderful ways of life which a kind God has poured abroad with such profusion. And I am not ashamed to confess that the leaves of that great book of revelation which God opens every morning, and spreads in the valleys, on the hills, and in the forests, are rich with marvelous lessons that I could read nowhere else. And often things have taught me what words have failed to teach. Yea, the words of revelation have themselves been interpreted to my understanding by the things that I have seen in the solitudes of populous nature.

6. I love to feel my relation to every part of animated nature. I try to go back to that simplicity of Paradise in which man walked, to be sure at the head of the animal kingdom, but not bloody, desperate, cruel, crushing whatever was not useful to him. I love to feel that my relationship to God gives me a right to look sympathetically upon all that God nourishes. In his bitterness, Job declared, "I have

said to the worm, 'Thou art my mother and my sister.'" We may not say this; but I surely say to all living things in God's creation, "I am your elder brother, and the almoner of God's bounty to you. Being His son, I too have a right to look with beneficence upon your little lives, even as the greater Father does."

7. A wanton disregard of life and happiness toward the insect kingdom tends to produce carelessness of the happiness of animal life everywhere. I do not mean to say that a man who would needlessly crush a fly would therefore slay a man; but I do mean to say that that moral constitution out of which springs kindness is hindered by that which wantonly destroys happiness anywhere. And I hold that a man who wantonly would destroy insect life, or would destroy the comfort of the animal that serves him, is prepared to be inhuman toward the lower forms of animal life.

8. The fact is, that all those invasions of life and happiness which are educating men to an indulgence of their passions, to a disregard of God's work, to a low and base view of creation, to a love of destructiveness, and to a disposition that carries with it cruelty and suffering, and that is hindered from breaking out only by fear and selfishness, lead to a disregard of labor and the laborer. The nature

which they beget will catch man in his sharp necessities, and mercilessly coerce him to the benefit of the strong and the spoiling of the weak. And it is the interest of the poor man, and the oppressed man, that there should be a Christianity that shall teach men to regard the whole animal kingdom below themselves as God's kingdom and as having rights — minor and lower rights, but *rights* — before God and before man.

— HENRY WARD BEECHER.

VIII. A BUILDER'S LESSON

1. "How shall I a habit break?"
 As you did that habit make.
 As you gathered, you must lose;
 As you yielded, now refuse.
 Thread by thread the strands we twist
 Till they bind us, neck and wrist;
 Thread by thread the patient hand
 Must untwine, ere free we stand.
 As we builded, stone by stone,
 We must toil, unhelped, alone,
 Till the wall is overthrown.
2. But remember, as we try,
 Lighter every test goes by;

Wading in, the stream grows deep
 Toward the center's downward sweep;
 Backward turn, each step ashore
 Shallower is than that before.

3. Ah, the precious years we waste
 Leveling what we raised in haste:
 Doing what must be undone
 Ere content or love be won!
 First, across the gulf we cast
 Kite-borne threads, till lines are passed,
 And habit builds the bridge at last!

—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

IX. GENERAL MARION

1. General Francis Marion, born in South Carolina in the same year that gave birth to George Washington, was distinguished as one of the leading officers of the War for Independence. His success in the campaign of South Carolina, where rivers and swamps abounded, brought him the title of "Swamp Fox." When he was in camp at Snow's Island in 1780, he received a flag of truce brought by the hands of a young British officer, who came blindfolded.

2. Having heard great talk about General Mar-

ion, the British officer fancied him some stout figure of a warrior, such as O'Hara or Cornwallis himself. What was his surprise when, led into Marion's presence and the bandage taken from his eyes, he beheld in our hero a swarthy, smoke-dried little man, with scarce enough of threadbare homespun to cover his nakedness. In place of ranks of well-dressed soldiers, he saw a handful of sunburned militia.

3. Having recovered a little from his surprise, the officer presented his letter to General Marion, who perused it and soon settled everything to his satisfaction. The officer took up his hat to retire.

4. "Oh, no," said Marion; "it is now about our time of dining, and I hope, sir, you will give us the pleasure of your company to dinner."

5. At mention of the word "dinner," the British officer looked around him, but to his mortification he could see no sign of a pot or pan, or any other cooking utensil. "Well, Tom," said the General to one of his men, "come, give us our dinner."

6. The feast to which he alluded was no other than a heap of sweet potatoes, that were snugly roasting under the embers, and which Tom soon released from their ashy confinement.

7. "I fear, sir," said the General, "our dinner will not prove so palatable to you as I could wish,

but it is the best we have." The officer, who was a well-bred man, took up one of the potatoes and began to eat as if he had found a great dainty. Presently he broke out into a hearty laugh. Marion looked surprised. "I beg your pardon, General," said he, "but one cannot always, you know, command himself."

8. "I suppose," replied Marion, "it is not equal to your style of living."

9. "No, indeed!" quoth the officer, "and I imagine this is one of your accidental Lent dinners. In general, no doubt, you live a great deal better."

10. "Rather worse," answered the General, "for often we don't get enough even of this."

11. "But," rejoined the officer, "probably, stinted in provisions, you draw noble pay?"

12. "Not a cent, sir," said Marion, "not a cent."

13. "I don't see, General, how you can stand it."

14. "Why, sir," replied Marion, with a smile, "these things depend on feeling. The heart is all, and when that is much interested a man can do anything. I am in love, and my sweetheart is Liberty. I would rather fight for my country's liberties and feed on roots than keep aloof and enjoy all the luxuries of Solomon; for now, sir, I walk the soil that gave me birth, and exult in the thought that I am not unworthy of it. Future generations may

never hear my name, but it gladdens my heart to think that I am now contending for their freedom."

15. When he returned to Georgetown, the officer was asked by Colonel Watson why he looked so serious. "I have cause, sir," said he, "to look serious."

16. "What, has General Marion refused to treat?" "No, sir," said the officer.

17. "Well, then, has Washington defeated Sir Henry Clinton, and broken up our army?"

18. "No, sir, not that, but worse."

19. "Ah! what can be worse?" continued the Colonel.

20. "Why, sir," said the officer, "I have seen an American general and his officers, without pay, and almost without clothes, living on roots, and all for liberty! What chance have we against such men?"

— MASON L. WEEMS.

X. TUBAL CAIN

1. Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,

In the days when the earth was young;

By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,

The strokes of his hammer rung;

And he lifted high his brawny hand

On the iron glowing clear,

Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
 As he fashioned the sword and spear.
 And he sang — “ Hurrah for my handiwork !
 Hurrah for the spear and sword !
 Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well !
 For he shall be king and lord.”

2. To Tubal Cain came many a one,
 As he wrought by his roaring fire,
 And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,
 As the crown of his desire ;
 And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
 Till they shouted loud in glee,
 And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
 And spoils of forest free.
 And they sang — “ Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
 Who hath given us strength anew !
 Hurrah for the smith ! hurrah for the fire !
 And hurrah for the metal true ! ”
3. But a sudden change came o'er his heart
 Ere the setting of the sun ;
 And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
 For the evil he had done.
 He saw that men, with rage and hate,
 Made war upon their kind ;
 That the land was red with the blood they shed,
 In their lust for carnage blind.

And he said, "Alas, that ever I made,
 Or that skill of mine should plan,
 The spear and the sword, for men whose joy
 Is to slay their fellow-man!"

4. And for many a day old Tubal Cain
 Sat brooding o'er his woe;
 And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
 And his furnace smoldered low;
 But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
 And a bright, courageous eye,
 And bared his strong right arm for work,
 While the quick flames mounted high;
 And he sang — "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
 And the red sparks lit the air —
 "Not alone for the blade was the bright steel
 made" —
 And he fashioned the first plowshare.

XI. THE GOOD READER

1. Some years ago a foreigner came to America with his family, and established himself in the business of a weaver, to which he had been bred. He had thought little about educating his children; for hitherto his chief efforts had been devoted to obtaining the necessities of life.
2. But it happened that there were good public

schools within reach; and, as Terence found that his children could be instructed without cost, he sent them to a neighboring school.

3. Kathleen was the eldest of the three children; and, though she was eleven years old, she did not know her letters. She was, however, naturally intelligent; and, devoting herself earnestly to her books, she made rapid progress. At the end of two years she could read well.

4. Neither of her parents could read at all; and it soon became the custom of the family to collect together in the evening, that Kathleen might read to them.

5. In this way the several members of the family obtained considerable knowledge; and, besides, they enjoyed a large amount of gratification; for as we have said, Kathleen read well; and, lightly as we are apt to think of it, there are few things so agreeable as to listen to a skillful reader.

6. Kathleen read in such a way that every one could understand her easily. She spoke every word distinctly and in a sweet, musical voice. Hence her father used to say to his wife: "That child is a real treasure. I would rather hear her read than go to the theater."

7. Now, let us consider what a blessing this girl was to this poor family. She helped to make home

pleasant ; to furnish amusement that was not merely innocent, but useful. She assisted in making the whole circle — father, mother and brothers — happy and contented, even in the midst of poverty. She made her father forget his toil, and her mother her cares. She did more than this, for she made home so agreeable that her father found his enjoyment there, rather than at the tavern, where some of his companions spent their time in drinking.

8. Nor was this all. Her brothers were always at home in the evening, instead of running about the streets. When evening came they were impatient to have supper over, to get the lamp, to have their mother put away the dishes, and to get quietly settled down to hear Kathleen read.

9. Thus it is seen that the children of even the poorest may assist in making the home happy, and in inducing all its members to be contented with the pleasures which home affords.

10. The pleasures of good reading can be enjoyed alike in the family circles of the rich and the poor.

Then read from the treasured volume the poem of
thy choice ;
And lend to the rhyme of the poet the beauty of thy
voice.

And the night shall be filled with music, and the
 cares that infest the day
 Shall fold their tents like the Arabs, and as silently
 steal away.

— *Selected.*

XII. WORK

1. Down and up, and up and down,
 Over and over and over ;
 Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
 Turn out the bright red clover.
2. Work, and the sun your work will share,
 And the rain in its time will fall ;
 For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
 And the grace of God through all.
3. With hand on the spade and heart in the sky,
 Dress the ground and till it ;
 Turn in the little seed, brown and dry ;
 Turn out the golden millet.
4. Work, and your house shall be duly fed ;
 Work, and rest shall be won ;
 I hold that a man had better be dead
 Than alive, when his work is done !
5. Down and up, and up and down,
 On the hilltop, low in the valley ;



THE HARVESTERS

Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
 Turn out the rose and lily.

6. Work with a plan or without a plan,
 And your ends shall be shaped all true;
 Work, and learn at first hand, like a man,
 The best way to *know* is to *do*!
7. Down and up till life shall close,
 Ceasing not your praises;
 Turn in the wild, white winter snows,
 Turn out the sweet spring daisies.
8. Work, and the sun your work will share,
 And the rain in its time will fall,
 For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
 And the grace of God through all.

— ALICE CARY.

XIII. FLORIDA PINES

1. Come with me to visit the pine woods, where we shall escape the glare of the sun on this white sand. We may enter by any one of the numerous paths that lead anywhere and nowhere.

2. We pass many trees, but do not realize that we are actually in the pine woods until we find ourselves surrounded on every side by lofty trees, whose

upreached finger tips seem to touch the tender blue of the overarching sky.

3. These trees never grow in groups, but rise singly to a great height. When we have accepted this sparseness of growth as a characteristic feature, we begin to like it. It gives a length of view and a sense of freedom which we find delightful.

4. The entire absence of undergrowth, the swaying branches, sixty, seventy, even eighty feet above us, and the fine vistas, all together make these woods seem like a room of noble proportions.

5. This spacious drawing-room of Mother Nature's has the swaying pine branches for its ceiling, with often a wide opening to let the blue of the sky shine through. Its carpet is of brown pine needles and is so deep and so soft that our footsteps make no sound upon it.

6. There is something human about the pines themselves. Often they seem suddenly to cease their conversation and to ask each other, "Who is this intruder, and does she think to be admitted to our secrets?"

7. Then they resume their low-toned speaking among themselves; but I cannot make out their meaning. It is something glad and uplifting, I know. But they are reserved folk and speak freely only to their intimates. I can only guess their

mysterious secrets by the changing vibrations of their voices.

8. Sometimes they seem to whisper together of the sea. Sometimes I catch the sound of a far-off organ tone echoing through the aisles of a vast cathedral. Sometimes a hymn of glad thanksgiving comes to my waiting ear. Sometimes it is but the subtle sense of life upreaching to a higher life.

9. Whatever their mood, it is always in harmony with the great, throbbing heart of Nature, and so it always brings peace and rest. — MARY E. TRUMBULL.

XIV. NEVER GIVE UP

1. Never give up! It is wiser and better
 Always to hope, than once to despair;
 Fling off the load of doubt's cankering fetter,
 And break the dark spell of tyrannical care.
2. Never give up! or the burden may sink you;
 Providence kindly has mingled the cup;
 And in all trials or troubles, bethink you,
 The watchword of life must be, "Never give
 up!"
3. Never give up! There are chances and changes
 Helping the hopeful a hundred to one;
 And, through the chaos, high Wisdom arranges
 Ever success, if you'll only hope on.

4. Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,
 Knowing that Providence mingles the cup;
 And of all maxims, the best, as the oldest,
 Is the true watchword of "Never give up!"
5. Never give up! Though the grapeshot may
 rattle,
 Or the full thundercloud over you burst,
 Stand like a rock, and the storm and the battle
 Little shall harm you, though doing their
 worst.
6. Never give up! If adversity presses,
 Providence wisely has mingled the cup;
 And the best counsel, in all your distresses,
 Is the stout watchword of "Never give up!"

—TUPPER.

XV. KING SOLOMON'S BLACKSMITH

1. And it came to pass when Solomon, the son of David, had finished the Temple of Jerusalem, that he called together the officers who were over the work, the master builders, the cunning workmen in silver and gold, and in wood and brass and stone, in purple and crimson and blue.
2. And he said unto them, "Sit ye down at my table; I have prepared a feast to honor all my

chief workmen and cunning artificers — stretch forth your hands, therefore, and eat and drink and be merry.”

3. And when Solomon and the chief workmen were seated, and the fatness of the land and the oil thereof were set upon the table, there came one who knocked loudly at the door, and forced himself into the festal chamber. Then Solomon, the king, was wroth, and said unto him, “Who art thou that comest hither unbidden?”

4. And the man answered and said, “When men wish to honor me, they call me Son of the Forge; but, when they desire to mock me, they call me Blacksmith; and seeing that the toil of working in fire covers me with sweat and smut, the latter name, O king, is not unfit; and, in truth, thy servant desireth no better.”

5. Then said Solomon unto him, “Why camest thou thus rudely and unbidden to the feast, to which none save the chief workmen of the Temple are invited?”

6. Then answered the man, “I came rudely, O king, because thy servant obliged me to force my way; but I came not unbidden. Was it not proclaimed that the chief workmen of the Temple were invited to dine with the king of Israel?”

7. Then he who carved the cherubim said, “This

fellow is no graver." And he who inlaid the roof with pure gold said, "Neither is he a workman in precious metals." And he who squared the stone said, "He is not a hewer of stone." And he who made the roof cried out, "He is not cunning in cedar wood; neither knoweth he the mystery of joining timber."

8. Then said Solomon, "What hast thou to say, Son of the Forge, why I should not order thee to be plucked by the beard, scourged, and stoned to death?"

9. And when the Son of the Forge heard this he was in no sort dismayed, but advanced to the table, and took up and swallowed a cup of wine, and said: "O king, live forever! The chief men of the workers in wood and gold and stone have said that I am not one of them, and they have said truly. I am greater than they; before they lived was I created. I am their master, and they are all my servants."

10. And he turned him round, and said to the chief of the carvers in stone, "Who made the tools with which thou carvest?" And the chief carver said, "The blacksmith." And he said to the chief of the masons, "Who made the chisels with which the stones of the Temple were squared?" And the chief mason answered, "The blacksmith."

11. And he said to the chief of the hewers

of wood, "Who made the tools with which thou hewedst the trees on Lebanon, and formedst them into the pillars and roof of the Temple?" And the chief hewer said, "The blacksmith."

12. Then he said to the worker in gold and ivory, "Who makes the instruments by which thou makest beautiful things for my lord, the king?" And he said, "The blacksmith."

13. "Enough, enough, O blacksmith," said Solomon; "thou hast proved that I invited thee, and that in art thou hast precedence of all men. Go wash the smut of the forge from thy face, and come sit at my right hand."

14. And the master builders, and the cunning workmen in silver and gold, in wood and brass and stone, gave place to the blacksmith.

Stand up erect! Thou hast the form
 And likeness of thy God! — who more?
 A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm
 Of daily life, a heart as warm
 And pure as breast e'er bore.

What then? Thou art as true a man
 As moves the human mass among;
 As much a part of the great plan
 That with creation's dawn began
 As any of the throng.

XVI. CLEAR THE WAY

1. Men of thought! be up and stirring,
 Night and day:
 Sow the seed — withdraw the curtain —
 Clear the way!
 Men of action, aid and cheer them,
 As ye may;
 There's a fount about to stream,
 There's a light about to beam,
 There's a warmth about to glow,
 There's a flower about to blow;
 There's a midnight blackness changing
 Into gray!
 Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way!

2. Once the welcome light has broken,
 Who shall say
 What the unimagined glories
 Of the day?
 What the evil that shall perish
 In its ray?
 Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
 Aid it, hopes of honest men;
 Aid it, paper; aid it, type;
 Aid it, for the hour is ripe,

And our earnest must not slacken
 Into play.
 Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way!

3. Lo! the cloud's about to vanish
 From the day;
 And a brazen wrong to crumble
 Into clay.
 Lo! the Right's about to conquer.
 Clear the way!
 With the Right shall many more
 Enter, smiling, at the door;
 With the giant Wrong shall fall
 Many others, great and small,
 That for ages long have held us
 For their prey.
 Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way!

— CHARLES MACKAY.

XVII. HONEST WORK

1. Men said the old smith was foolishly careful,
 as he wrought on the great chain he was making in
 his dingy shop in the heart of the great city. But
 he heeded not their words, and only wrought with
 greater painstaking. Link after link he fashioned

and welded and finished, and at last the great chain was completed.

2. Years passed. One night there was a terrible storm, and the ship was in sore peril of being dashed upon the rocks. Anchor after anchor was dropped, but none of them held. At last the mighty sheet anchor was cast into the sea, and the old chain quickly uncoiled and ran out till it grew taut. All watched to see if it would bear the awful strain.

3. It sang in the wild storm as the vessel's weight surged upon it. It was a moment of intense anxiety. The ship with its cargo of a thousand lives depended upon this one chain. What now if the old smith had wrought carelessly even *one link* of his chain!

4. But he had put honesty and truth and invincible strength into every part of it, and it stood the test, holding the ship in safety until the storm was over.

— *Selected.*

XVIII. MRS. GRAMMAR'S BALL

1. Mrs. Grammar once gave a fine ball,
 To the nine different parts of our speech;
 To the short and the tall,
 To the stout and the small,
 There were pies, plums, and puddings for each.

2. And first little Articles came.
 In a hurry to make themselves known, —
 Fat *a*, *an*, and *the*;
 But none of the three
 Could stand for a minute alone.
3. Then Adjectives came to announce
 That their dear friends the Nouns were at hand,
Rough, rougher, and roughest,
Tough, tougher, and toughest,
Fat, merry, good-natured, and grand.
4. The Nouns were indeed on their way,
 Tens of thousands, and more I should think;
 For each name that we utter —
Shop, shoulder, or shutter,
 Is a noun; *lady, lion, or link.*
5. The Pronouns were hastening past
 To push the Nouns out of their places;
I, thou, he, and she,
You, it, they, and we,
 With their sprightly, intelligent faces.
6. Some cried out, "Make way for the Verbs!
 A great crowd is coming in view!"
 To *light* and to *smite*,
 To *fight* and to *bite*,
 To *be*, and to *have*, and to *do*.

7. The Adverbs attend on the Verbs,
 Behind as their footmen they run;
 As thus, "to fight *badly*,"
 And "run *away gladly*,"
 Show how fighting and running were done.
8. Prepositions came, *in*, *by*, and *near*;
 With *Conjunctions*, a small little band,
 As *either* you *or* he,
 But *neither* I *nor* she;
 They held their great friends by the hand.
9. Then in, with a *hip*, *hip*, *hurrah*!
 Rushed in Interjections uproarious;
 Dear me! well-a-day!
 When they saw the display,
 "*Ha! ha!*" they all shouted out, "glorious!"
10. But alas! what misfortunes were nigh:
 While the fun and the feasting pleased each,
 Pounced on them at once
 A monster — a DUNCE!
 And confounded the Nine Parts of Speech.
11. Help! friends! to the rescue! on you
 For aid Verb and Article call;
 Oh! give your protection
 To poor Interjection,
 Noun, Pronoun, Conjunction, and all. — *Selected.*

XIX. A REMARKABLE TREE

1. We were sailing under the burning sky of the tropics, when we came in sight of one of those little islands which had been formed by the coral insect.

2. As we approached, the island seemed covered with vegetation. But after we had landed we found nothing but a few species of grass and some ferns. The groves contained but a single kind of tree.

3. "What ugly, crooked trees are those?" said I to the surgeon, who was our botanist; "they seem to be half fallen, and to support themselves only by leaning on each other. I have hardly ever seen so ungraceful a tree." "They are cocoa trees," replied he.

4. "What!" exclaimed I, "do you mean to say that that is the cocoa-nut tree?—the cocoa tree, which I have seen represented as rising so magnificently, and gracefully waving its verdant head in the air at the height of eighty or a hundred feet?"

5. "It is nothing else," replied he, "except that the height is only about the half of eighty or a hundred feet, the trunk is never erect, and the verdant head is rather of the color of hay."

6. Just then we saw a column of smoke rising above a grove of cocoa palms, and toward that we directed our steps. Here we found some of the

natives cooking around a fire of dry grass. After they had recovered from the alarm caused by our appearance, they invited us to share their repast. This invitation we gladly accepted, as we were quite hungry.

7. To refresh us, they offered us a cool, mild, sweet, limpid liquor, somewhat like milk, but to us much more agreeable. "What is that?" asked I of the doctor. "It is," replied he, "the milk of the cocoa-nut." "Ah, indeed!"

8. A moment afterward one of the women brought a black pitcher, polished, shining, and carved, though somewhat rudely. It was made of a wood very hard and very solid, resembling ebony. "It is the shell of the cocoa-nut," said the doctor, "and these islanders have no other dishes."

9. This pitcher was then filled with a liquor which I believe would intoxicate a man as completely as champagne. "To make this palm-wine," said the doctor, "they cut the young cocoa-nut, and suffer the juice which comes out to ferment twenty-four hours, when it forms this liquor."

10. Next they laid on the grass, which served as a table-cloth, a large basket, woven with so much art that it would have held water. This basket contained an enormous stewed cabbage, with an excellent sauce made of butter and milk. This dish I



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A GROVE OF COCOA PALMS

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found very palatable, observing that the leaves of this cabbage were longer and thinner than the leaves of cabbages usually are, and its flavor more delicate.

11. "The dish which contains the stew," said the doctor, "is made of the leaves of the cocoa tree; the cabbage is the terminal bud of the same tree, cut while it is yet in the herbaceous state; the sauce is composed of the milky juice of the cocoa-nut before its maturity." "This is a singular tree," exclaimed I.

12. The last dish which was served up consisted of some lobsters stewed in sea water, and dressed with oil and vinegar. "How do you like this?" asked the doctor. "It is very good," replied I; "the oil is better than most olive oil." "It is the oil of the cocoa," said he; "and what do you think of this vinegar?" "It is very strong and pleasant."

13. "It is the milk of the cocoa-nut, soured in the sun. But here," he continued, "is our host offering you a bit of sugar candy, to sweeten your meal. This sugar is the sap of the cocoa tree, boiled and crystallized, or, rather, dried." "What! has this tree furnished all our dinner?"

14. "The mattresses on which the native lies, and the soft substance which fills them, the sails of his canoe, the line with which he fishes, and a thousand

other articles of furniture are made of the husk that envelopes the nut when ripe.

15. "The palisades which inclose his little garden, the frame of his cabin, are made of the cocoa wood. The roof, impenetrable to the sun, wind, and rain, consists of its leaves skillfully interwoven. Of the filaments at the base of the leaves the natives manufacture cables and cord more pliable and durable than those made of hemp.

16. "Finally, the parasol which our hosts placed over your head, to shelter you from the burning sun, is entirely composed of different parts of this tree." "Well, I feel obliged to respect this tree, notwithstanding its ungainly appearance. Anything that makes itself so useful can afford to dispense with beauty."

— *Selected.*

This is only a story, and there is no one to vouch for its truth; but it sets before us in an interesting way the many uses to which a single product of nature may be put.

XX. THE GOODNESS OF GOD

1. The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

2. He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger forever.

3. He hath not dealt with us after our sins nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

4. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

5. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

6. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

7. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

8. As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

9. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more.

10. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children.

Psalm ciii. 8-17.

XXI. THE TWO ROBBERS

Characters { ALEXANDER THE GREAT, a famous Grecian commander.
THRACIAN CHIEF, the chief of a band of robbers in Thrace.

Alexander. What! art thou that Thracian robber of whose exploits I have heard so much?

Chief. I am a Thracian, and a soldier.

Alex. A soldier! — a thief, a plunderer, an assassin! the pest of the country! I could honor thy courage, but I must detest and punish thy crimes.

Chief. What have I done of which *you* can complain?

Alex. Hast thou not set at defiance my authority, violated the public peace, and passed thy life in injuring the persons and properties of thy fellow-subjects?

Chief. Alexander, I am your captive! I must hear what you please to say, and endure what you please to inflict. But my soul is unconquered; and if I reply at all to your reproaches, I will reply like a free man.

Alex. Speak freely. Far be it from me to take the advantage of my power to silence those with whom I deign to converse.

Chief. I must then answer your question by asking another. How have you passed your life?

Alex. Like a hero. Ask Fame, and she will tell you. Among the brave, I have been the bravest; among sovereigns, the noblest; among conquerors, the mightiest.

Chief. And does not Fame speak of me, also? Was there ever a bolder captain of a more valiant band? Was there ever — but I scorn to boast. You yourself know I have not been easily subdued.

Alex. Still, what are you but a robber — a base, dishonest robber?

Chief. And what is a conqueror? Have not you, too, gone about the earth like an evil genius, blast-

ing the fair fruits of peace and industry — plundering, ravaging, killing, without law, without justice, merely to gratify an insatiable lust for dominion? All that I have done to a single district with a hundred followers, you have done to whole nations with a hundred thousand. If I have stripped individuals, you have ruined kings and princes. If I have burned a few hamlets, you have desolated the most flourishing kingdoms and cities of the earth. What, then, is the difference, but that, as you were a king and I a private man, you have been able to become a mightier robber than I?

Alex. But if I have taken like a king, I have given like a king. If I have subverted empires, I have founded greater. I have cherished arts, commerce, and philosophy.

Chief. I, too, have freely given to the poor what I have taken from the rich. I have established order and discipline among the most ferocious of mankind, and have stretched out my protecting arm over the oppressed. I know, indeed, little of the philosophy of which you talk, but I believe that neither you nor I shall ever atone to the world for half the mischief we have done it.

Alex. Leave me. Take off his chains, and use him well. Are we then so much alike? Alexander like a robber? Let me reflect.

— DR. AIKIN.

XXII. THE BROOK

1. I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.
2. By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.
3. Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.
4. I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.
5. With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.
6. I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

7. I wind about, and in and out,
 With here a blossom sailing,
 And here and there a lusty trout,
 And here and there a grayling,
8. And here and there a foamy flake
 Upon me, as I travel
 With many a silvery waterbreak
 Above the golden gravel,
9. And draw them all along, and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come, and men may go,
 But I go on forever.
10. I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
 I slide by hazel-covers:
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers.
11. I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows;
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows.
12. I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses;
 I linger by my shingly bars;
 I loiter round my cresses.

13. And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come, and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

— ALFRED TENNYSON.

XXIII. THE RAPIDS

1. I remember riding from Buffalo to Niagara Falls, and I said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?" "That," he said, "is Niagara River." "Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I, "bright, and fair, and glassy. How far off are the Rapids?" "Only a mile or two," was the reply. "Is it possible that only a mile or two from us we shall find the water in the turmoil which it must show when near the Falls?" "You will find it so, sir." And so I found it; and that first sight of the Falls of Niagara I shall never forget.

2. Now launch your bark on that Niagara River: it is bright, smooth, beautiful, and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silvery wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion.

3. Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, "Young men, ahoy!" "What is it?" "The

Rapids are below you.” “Ha, ha! we have heard of the Rapids, but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm and steer to the shore; we shall set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to land. Haste away!”

4. “Young men, ahoy there!” “What is it?” “The *Rapids* are below — the RAPIDS!” “Ha, ha! never fear! Time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing *swiftly* with the current. On! on!”

5. “Young men, ahoy!” “What is it?” “Beware! beware! The *Rapids* are below you!” Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! — quick, quick! — pull for your lives! — pull till the blood starts from the nostrils, and the veins stand like whipcord upon the brow! Set the mast in the socket! — hoist the sail! Ah, ah! — it is too late! Shrieking hopelessly, over you go.

Thousands go over “rapids” every year, heedless of the still, small, warning voice.

— J. B. GOUGH.

Bad habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

— DRYDEN.

XXIV. I LIVE FOR THOSE WHO LOVE ME

1. I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too ;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.
2. I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When man shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold ;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.
3. I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too ;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

XXV. SOCKS FOR JOHN RANDALL

1. It was a matter of talk that Widow Randall knit so many socks for the soldiers. She was a poor woman, and had little to do with; but she must have spent a great deal of money for yarn, buying so much of the best at war prices. Knitting seemed almost a mania with her. She was sometimes seen knitting before breakfast. No sooner was her housework done, than out came her knitting, and her needles flew, click, click, click, even faster than they did when her fingers were young and supple; while her pale, sad face bending above them made one almost weep to look at her. She was one of those who do not weep, but who ever carry a full fountain of tears sealed up within them.

2. Not a box in all the country near was sent to the soldiers that did not contain a pair of Widow Randall's socks; and box after box from the Sanitary Commission carried her contributions. Always welcome, so soft, so warm, so nice, were her socks. The appreciative could not help unrolling them, feeling their softness and speaking their praise; and always carefully stitched within them they found a letter. Sometimes it was only, "To my dear son, John Randall, from his ever loving mother"; sometimes it told of her love and hope and earnest prayer;

sometimes it implored him to write to her, and tell her that he lived, and tell her of his welfare if he lived.

3. How many soldiers were blessed through her love for one! How many felt a glow of thanks as they drew her comforting socks over their benumbed feet, and dropped a tear upon her tender letter to the son who might then be perishing uncared for, unknowing how a mother's love had sought for him, prayed for him, unceasingly.

4. A pair of "socks for John Randall" once fell into the hands of a poor motherless English boy. His lone, yearning, orphan heart responded to the maternal tenderness which he had missed and mourned for in his own life; and with the instincts of a son, he wrote the widowed mother a letter of love and thanks in the name of all the absent and wandering sons, and sent her gold, and offered to be her son, if God had bereaved her of her own.

5. A pair of "John Randall's socks" worked their way into a Kentucky regiment at the west. There a rough, hard old soldier got possession of them, and found the note within them, and read it aloud to the silent group around him. In that group was a lone youth who had come a stranger into the regiment, and who never spoke of his home or friends. No one listened to the note so intently as he, and it was strange to see how his color came

and went as he listened. Then the tears rolled fast down his cheeks.

6. "Give me the letter," he said; "it is from my mother. The letter and the socks are mine." "Yours! is your name John Randall?" "Yes." A hearty laugh. "Randall! You can't come that game so easy, Boy George."

7. "Boy George," as the youth was familiarly called, colored deeper than before, but persisted. "My real name is John Randall, and the letter and socks are mine." "Yours when you get 'em and not much before," answered the man who had them. "If you've changed your name once, you may change it a dozen times, but that won't give you my socks."

8. "Boy George" said no more about the socks, but again asked for and received the letter. He sought a quiet place and read it, and read it again. "My dearest son, dearest beyond all expression, if you are still living, write to me and tell me so; if you love me still, be a good boy, and try to meet me in heaven."

9. This was all, but was enough for the heart of that undutiful and suffering son. Wild and adventurous, and failing to obtain his mother's consent, he had gone to the war without it, changing his name, and enlisting in a regiment of a distant State. He had taken care that none of his early friends

should know where he was, and he knew little of them. He had in some way heard that his mother was dead, and he feared that his own misconduct had broken her heart.

10. Thank God that in His mercy this bitterness was spared from his cup. His mother still lived, still loved him as of old. He would write to her—would tell her all, all his sins, his sorrows—would ask her forgiveness, her blessing. He kissed his mother's letter, read it again, and then lifted up his heart to God, the first time for long years.

11. He sought the soldier to whom had fallen his mother's socks, offering his own and money for them. "Then it *was* your mother that knit them, was it?" questioned the rough soldier when he heard the strong desire of "Boy George" to obtain them. "Well, you shall have them; give me your duds, and take them."

12. How precious those socks seemed to him! Every stitch wrought by his mother's kind hand; and with every stitch a sigh heaved, or a prayer breathed. He seemed to hear the sighs and prayers; he held the socks in his hand, and dropped tear after tear upon them, until his heart was moved, so softened that he fell upon his knees, as he had not done since he was a child, and prayed, "*God forgive me!*"

13. It was broad daylight, and no work to be done in the house, when Widow Randall dropped her knitting-work just as she was binding off the heel, never taking care to fasten her needles, and letting her ball roll on the floor. One of her neighbors had brought her a letter which he said "had come from the war," and he "mistrusted that it might be from John, or might tell something about him." No wonder, then, that the mother dropped her needles quickly and forgot her ball. News from John! John alive!

14. She read: "Dear Mother—How shall I write you? I am alive, but I shall never see you again, never hear you speak my forgiveness. I am mortally wounded, and have not long to live. The socks with your note in them came just before the battle. They broke me all up, and sent me to my knees before God. Bless you, mother, that you never forgot me, never forgot to pray for me; and it is your prayers that have led me to pray at last. How I have mourned for you, mother! I heard you were dead, and feared it was my unkindness that caused your death. May God and you both forgive your repentant and dying son."

15. The full fountain so long sealed is at last opened. The eyes that have not wept for many a year weep now. Joy, grief, which is uppermost?

Which is strongest? Widow Randall knows that she is childless, but she knows that her son died repentant and prayerful. She knows, too, that her labor has not been in vain; not in vain the bread cast on the wide waters; not in vain her hope, and patience, and prayer.

— MRS. P. H. PHELPS.

XXVI. TWO ANGELS

1. Two angels came and spoke to me.
 The face of one was full of beauty;
 The other wore a sadder look;
 And these their names were: Joy and Duty.
2. I said to Joy, "I'll follow thee
 Wherever thou shalt go to lead me;
 I'll serve thee with a willing hand
 Wherever thou may'st chance to need me."
3. But Joy said, "No, it may not be,
 Because we twain are sister graces,
 And Duty is the elder one;
 We never dare to change our places.
4. "But follow on where Duty calls,
 And I will evermore attend thee;
 And while thou servest at her will
 My presence I will surely lend thee."

— *Selected.*

XXVII. THE WOUNDED BIRD

1. I was once camping out with some boys in Napa Valley, which stretches from the northern extremity of San Pablo Bay about fifty miles up among the grassy and wooded peaks of the Coast Range, and is one of the loveliest of all the valleys in the "Golden State."

2. It has a delightful climate, never being very warm, having no snow and very little frost. People who reside in San Francisco, instead of going to the seaside or to the springs when they need rest and recreation, often choose this charming spot. They spend days, and even weeks, in tramping and shooting in the valley and among the hills, cooking their food by a camp fire, and sleeping in a tent at night, or in the open air, under the clearest and balmiest sky you ever saw.

3. As I said, I was once camping in this valley with some boys. Early one morning we went out to get for our breakfast one of the hares which are so plentiful. We had gone a little way, and were just passing out of a fine shady grove into the open field, when we saw a California woodpecker on a bush fence before us, acting very strangely.

4. Its pretty snow-white and jet-black feathers were all rough and drooping; its bill was turned

downward, and hid in the feathers of its breast; the little red crest, above the red and white cap on its head, stuck straight out and pointed directly toward us. The bird made a curious kind of noise, different from its usual cry, and on the whole behaved so strangely that we all stopped to look at it.

5. It did not fly away; it did not seem frightened at our guns, but got off the fence and came directly toward us, and at last hopped upon the boot of one of the boys, and then tried to climb up to his hand by clinging to his clothing with its claws.

6. The boy reached down and took up the bird. It did not flutter, nor struggle, nor try to get away, but lay quiet in his hand. I soon saw that it was wounded in the crop, and, in dressing the wound, the under part of its bill had become entangled among the matted feathers in such a way that the poor bird could neither get it out nor shut its mouth.

7. I quickly relieved it, and then it flew up into the trees over our heads, singing with all its might in its wild, rattling way, as if it were gratefully saying, "I thank you! I thank you!"

8. How strange that the little woodpecker should know exactly where to go to find relief in its trouble! How much stranger still that it should be brave enough to apply for help to boys with guns, who perhaps might destroy it!

—J. D. STRONG.

XXVIII. MY NATIVE LAND

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 " This is my own — my native land ! "
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand ?
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well !
 For him no minstrel's raptures swell.
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentered all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

— WALTER SCOTT.

XXIX. THE SWALLOWS

I. Two barn swallows came into our woodshed in the springtime. Their busy, earnest twitterings led me at once to suspect that they were looking out a building spot; but, as a carpenter's bench was under the window, and frequent hammering, sawing,

and planing were going on, I had little hope they would choose a location under our roof.

2. To my surprise, however, they soon began to build in the crotch of a beam, over the open doorway. I was delighted, and spent much time in watching them. It was, in fact, a beautiful little drama of domestic love; the mother bird was so busy and so important, and her mate was so attentive. He scarcely ever left the side of the nest. There he was, all day long, twittering in tones that were most obviously the outpourings of love.

3. Sometimes he would bring in a straw, or a hair, to be inwoven in the precious little fabric. One day my attention was arrested by a very unusual twittering, and I saw him circling round with a large downy feather in his bill. He bent over the unfinished nest, and offered it to his mate with the most graceful and loving air imaginable; and when she put up her mouth to take it, he poured forth such a gush of gladsome sound! It seemed as if pride and affection had swelled his heart till it was almost too big for his little bosom.

4. During the process of incubation, he volunteered to perform his share of household duty. Three or four times a day, he would, with coaxing twitterings, persuade his patient mate to fly abroad for food; and the moment she left the eggs, he



"SOMETIMES HE WOULD BRING IN A STRAW, OR A HAIR, TO BE INTERWOVEN
IN THE PRECIOUS LITTLE FABRIC."

would take the maternal station, and give a loud alarm whenever cat or dog came about the premises. When the young ones came forth, he shared in the mother's toils, and brought at least half the food for his greedy little family.

5. But when they became old enough to fly, the gravest philosopher would have laughed to watch the maneuvers! Such chirping and twittering! such diving down from the nest, and flying up again! such wheeling round in circles, talking to the young ones all the while! such clinging to the sides of the shed with their sharp claws, to show the timid little fledglings that there was no need of falling!

6. For three days all this was carried on with increasing activity. It was obviously an infant flying school. But all their talking and twittering were of no avail. The little downy things looked down, and then looked up, and, alarmed at the wide space, sank down into the nest again.

7. At length the parents grew impatient, and summoned their neighbors. As I was picking up chips one day, I found my head encircled with a swarm of swallows. They flew up to the nest, and chattered away to the young ones; they clung to the walls, looking back to tell how the thing was done; they dived, and wheeled, and balanced, and floated, in a manner perfectly beautiful to behold.

8. The pupils were evidently much excited. They jumped up on the edge of the nest, and twittered, and shook their feathers, and waved their wings; and then hopped back again, saying, "It is pretty sport, but we cannot do it."

9. Three times the neighbors came in and repeated their graceful lessons. The third time, two of the young birds gave a sudden plunge downward, and then fluttered and hopped till they alighted on a small upright log. And O, such praises as were warbled by the whole troop! The air was filled with their joy! Some were flying round, swift as a ray of light; others were perched on the hoe handle and the teeth of the rake; multitudes clung to the wall after the fashion of their pretty kind; and two were swinging, in the most graceful style, on a pendent hoop. Never, while memory lasts, shall I forget that swallow party.

10. The whole family continued to be our playmates until the falling leaves gave token of approaching winter. For some time the little ones came home regularly to their nest at night. I was ever on the watch to welcome them, and count that none were missing. Their familiarity was wonderful. If I hung my gown on a nail, I found a little swallow perched on the sleeve. If I took a nap in the afternoon, my waking eyes were greeted by a

swallow on the bedpost: in the summer twilight, they flew about the sitting room in search of flies, and sometimes lighted on chairs and tables. I almost thought they knew how much I loved them. But at last they flew away to more genial skies, with a whole troop of relations and neighbors. It was painful to me to think that I should never know them from other swallows, and that they would have no recollection of me.

— MRS. CHILD.

XXX. TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT

1. Courage, brother! do not stumble,
 Though thy path be dark as night;
 There's a star to guide the humble—
 "Trust in God, and do the right."
 Though the road be long and dreary,
 And the goal be out of sight,
 Foot it bravely, strong or weary;
 "Trust in God, and do the right."
2. Perish policy and cunning,
 Perish all that fears the light;
 Whether losing, whether winning,
 "Trust in God, and do the right."

Fly all forms of guilty passion,
 Fiends can look like angels bright;
 Heed no custom, school, or fashion;
 "Trust in God, and do the right."

3. Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
 Some will flatter, some will slight;
 Cease from man, and look above thee;
 "Trust in God, and do the right."
 Simple rule and surest guiding,
 Inward peace and shining light,
 Star upon our path abiding —
 "Trust in God, and do the right."

—NORMAN MACLEOD.

XXXI. BUNKER HILL MONUMENT — WHAT GOOD DOES IT DO?

1. But I am met with the great objection, What good will the monument do? I beg leave, sir, to exercise my birthright as a Yankee, and answer this question by asking two or three more, to which I believe it will be quite as difficult to furnish a satisfactory reply.

2. I am asked, What good will the monument do? And I ask, What good does anything do? What is good? Does anything do any good? The

persons who suggest this objection of course think that there are some projects and undertakings that do good; and I should therefore like to have the idea of good explained, and analyzed, and run out to its elements.

3. When this is done, if I do not demonstrate in about two minutes that the monument does the same kind of good that anything else does, I will consent that the huge blocks of granite already laid should be reduced to gravel, and carted off to fill up the millpond; for that, I suppose, is one of the good things.

4. Does a railroad or canal do good? Answer, Yes. And how? It facilitates intercourse, opens markets, and increases the wealth of the country. But what is this good for? Why, individuals prosper and get rich. And what good does that do?

5. Is mere wealth, as an ultimate end — gold and silver, without an inquiry as to their use — are these a good? Certainly not. I should insult this audience by attempting to prove that a rich man, as such, is neither better nor happier than a poor one.

6. But as men grow rich, they live better. Is there any good in this, stopping here? Is mere animal life — feeding, working, and sleeping, like an ox — entitled to be called good? Certainly not.

7.- But these improvements increase the popula-

tion. And what good does that do? Where is the good in counting twelve millions, instead of six, of mere feeding, working, sleeping animals?

8. There is, then, no good in the mere animal life, except that it is the physical basis of that higher moral existence which resides in the soul, the heart, the mind, the conscience — in good principles, good feelings, and the good actions (and the more disinterested, the more entitled to be called good) which flow from them.

9. Now, sir, I say that generous and patriotic sentiments — sentiments which prepare us to serve our country, to live for our country, to die for our country — feelings like those which carried Prescott and Warren and Putnam to the battlefield — are good; good, humanly speaking, of the highest order.

10. It is good to have them, good to encourage them, good to honor them, good to commemorate them; and whatever tends to animate and strengthen such feelings does as much right-down practical good as filling up low grounds and building railroads. This is my demonstration.

— EDWARD EVERETT.

The heritage of American youth is equal opportunities in a land of equal rights.

— WILLIAM L. WILSON.

XXXII. OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE
WEATHER

1. Sun and skies and clouds of June,
 And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
 October's bright blue weather.
2. When loud the bumblebee makes haste,
 Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And golden-rod is dying fast,
 And lanes with grapes are fragrant.
3. When gentians roll their fringes tight
 To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burs
 Without a sound of warning.
4. When on the ground red apples lie
 In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
 Are leaves of woodbine twining.
5. When all the lovely wayside things
 Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
 Late aftermaths are growing.

6. When springs run low, and on the brooks,
 In idle golden freighting,
 Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
 Of woods for winter waiting.

* * * * *

7. Oh, sun and skies and flowers of June,
 Count all your boasts together —
 God loveth best of all the year
 October's bright blue weather.

—HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

XXXIII. DUTY

1. You must study to be frank with the world; frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it if it is reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot; you will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind.

2. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one; the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly but firmly with all your classmates; you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault

to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act, and say nothing to the injury of any one. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but it is the path to peace and honor.

3. In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that, nearly a hundred years ago, there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness — still known as “the dark day” — a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished, as if by an eclipse. The legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day — the day of judgment — had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment.

4. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport, of Stamford, and said that, if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his place doing his duty, and therefore moved that candles be brought in, so that the House could proceed with its duty. There was quietness in that man's mind, the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty. Duty, then, is

the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things, like the old Puritan. You cannot do more, you should never wish to do less. Never let your mother and me wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part.

—ROBERT E. LEE.

XXXIV. THE VINE AND THE WALL

1. "I am so weak," said the little vine;
 "Over the wall my tendrils twine;
 I quiver in every passing breeze,
 And bear no fruit, like the orchard trees;
 No birds can build in my branches small;
 I wonder why I was planted at all."

2. The old wall heard her, and answered low,
 "You were planted over my stones to grow.
 You with my strength must your beauty blend,
 That each to the other some good may lend.
 The world has need of us, each and all,
 The clinging vine and the rough, gray wall;
 And so,
 Although
 You may not know,
 Be content, little vine, just to grow."

—*Selected.*

XXXV. SELECTION FROM THE BIBLE

1. Can the blind lead the blind? Shall they not both fall into the ditch?

2. The disciple is not above his master; but every one that is perfect shall be as his master.

3. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

4. Either how canst thou say to thy brother, Brother, let me pull out the mote that is in thine eye, when thou thyself beholdest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye.

5. For a good tree bringeth not forth corrupt fruit; neither doth a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. For every tree is known by his own fruit: for of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble bush gather they grapes.

6. A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good; and an evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is evil: for of the abundance of the heart his mouth speaketh.

7. And why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?

8. Whosoever cometh to me, and heareth my sayings, and doeth them, I will show you to whom he is like. He is like a man which built a house, and digged deep and laid the foundation on a rock; and when the flood arose, the stream beat vehemently upon that house, and could not shake it, for it was founded upon a rock.

9. But he that heareth, and doeth not, is like a man that without a foundation built a house upon the earth, against which the stream did beat vehemently, and immediately it fell; and the ruin of that house was great.

— LUKE vi. 39-49.

XXXVI. LEGEND OF THE OPAL

1. A dewdrop came — with a spark of flame
 He had caught from the sun's last ray —
 To a violet's breast, where he lay at rest
 Till the hours brought back the day.
2. The rose looked down, with a blush and frown
 But she smiled all at once, to view
 Her own bright form, with its coloring warm,
 Reflected back by the dew.

3. Then the stranger took a stolen look
At the sky, so soft and blue ;
And a leaflet green, with its silver sheen,
Was seen by the idler too.
4. A cold north wind, as he thus reclined,
Of a sudden raged around ;
And a maiden fair, who was walking there,
Next morning, an opal found.

— *Selected.*

XXXVII. THE AMERICAN FLAG

1. A thoughtful mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag only, but the nation itself; and whatever may be its symbols, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag the government, the principles, the truths, the history, which belong to the nation.

2. When the French tricolor rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see resurrected Italy. When the united crosses of St. Andrew and St. George on a fiery ground set forth the banner of old England, we see not the cloth merely; there rises up before the mind the noble aspect of that monarchy which, more than any other on the globe, has advanced its banner for liberty, law, and national prosperity.

3. This nation has a banner, too; and wherever it has streamed abroad, men have seen daybreak bursting on their eyes, for the American flag, has been the symbol of liberty, and men have rejoiced in it. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand, or went forth upon the sea, carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope for the captive and such glorious tidings. The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light.

4. As at early dawn the stars shine forth even while it grows light, and then as the sun advances that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so, on the American flag, stars and beams of many colored light shine out together. And wherever the flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry no rampant lion and no fierce eagle; they see the symbols of light. It is the Banner of Dawn; it means Liberty.

5. Consider the men who devised and set forth this banner; they were men that had taken their lives in their hands, and consecrated all their worldly possessions—for what? For the doctrine, and for the personal fact, of liberty—for the right of all men to liberty.

6. If any one, then, asks me the meaning of our flag, I say to him,—it means just what Concord and Lexington meant; what Bunker Hill meant; which was, in short, the rising up of a valiant young people against an old tyranny to establish the most momentous doctrine that the world had ever known, or has since known—the right of men to their own selves and to their liberties.

7. The history of this banner is all on the side of liberty. Under it, rode Washington and his armies; before it, Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands at West Point; it floated over old Fort Montgomery. When Arnold would have surrendered these valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day, and his treachery was driven away, by the beams of light from this starry banner.

8. It cheered our army, driven from New York and in their solitary pilgrimage through New Jersey. It streamed in light over the soldiers' heads at Valley Forge and Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton; and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despondency of this nation. And when the long years of war were drawing to a close, underneath the folds of this immortal banner sat Washington, while Yorktown surrendered its

hosts, and our Revolutionary struggles ended with victory.

9. How glorious, then, has been its origin! How glorious has been its history! How divine its meaning! In all the world is there another banner that carries such hope, such grandeur of spirit, such soul-inspiring truth, as our dear old American flag? Made by liberty, made for liberty, nourished in its spirit, carried in its service, and never, not once, in all the earth made to stoop to despotism!

10. Accept it, then, in its fullness of meaning. It is not a painted rag. It is a whole national history. It is the Constitution. It is the government. It is the free people that stand *in* the government, *on* the Constitution. Forget not what it means; and for the sake of its meaning, be true to your country's flag.

11. Let us, then, twine each thread of the glorious tissues of our country's flag about our heart-strings; and, looking upon our homes and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battlefields of our fathers, let us resolve, come weal or woe, we will, in life and in death, now and forever, stand by the Stars and Stripes. They have been unfurled from the snows of Canada to the plains of New Orleans, in the halls of the Montezumas, and amid the solitude of every sea; and everywhere, as the lumi-

nous symbol of resistless and beneficent power, they have led the brave to victory and to glory. They have floated over our cradles; let it be our prayer and our struggle that they shall float over our graves.

— HENRY WARD BEECHER.

XXXVIII. RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD

1. I remember, I remember, the house where I was
born,
The little window where the sun came peeping
in at morn.
He never came a wink too soon, nor brought too
long a day;
But now I often wish the night had borne my
breath away.
2. I remember, I remember, the roses red and white;
The violets and the lily-cups, — those flowers
made of light;
The lilacs, where the robins built, and where my
brother set
The laburnum on his birthday — the tree is
living yet.
3. I remember, I remember, where once I used to
swing,

And felt the air that rushed as fresh as swallows
 on the wing;
 My spirit flew in feathers then, that is so heavy
 now;
 And summer pools could hardly cool the fever on
 my brow.

4. I remember, I remember, the fir trees dark and
 high;
 I used to think their slender spires were close
 against the sky;
 It was a childish ignorance; but now 'tis little joy
 To know I'm farther off from heaven than when
 I was a boy.

— THOMAS HOOD.

XXXIX. THE OLD GARDEN

1. Dear father will let us do almost anything, but
 mother often waits to consider it before she will
 promise, and though it is different from father's
 way, we know that it will be all right, for there is no
 one in the world at all like mother.

2. We told her about Mr. Arthur one evening,
 and asked if we might go to see his garden in the
 morning. Patricia said, when we were going to
 bed, that she wondered why mother had said yes
 immediately, even before father had said a word.



"I remember, I remember, the house where I was born,
The little window where the sun came peeping in at morn."

But mother said that she knew about the gentleman who had come to live at the old house, and that we were honored in being asked to see his garden. We supposed that was because he was quite grown up and we were not at all so.

3. We went the next morning and waited by the high brick wall until Mr. Arthur came out to see how blue the sky was over his big hawthorn tree. He nodded to us in the friendliest way and asked if we were coming into his garden.

4. "We are all coming, thank you very much," said Patricia, politely. "Mother says we may if we don't trouble you. Do we trouble you?"

5. "Not at all," said Mr. Arthur, cheerfully; and he took Paul's hand and led us up the hawthorn walk.

6. All about the house there were old lawns of grass, with beech trees around them, and in the grass under the trees there were snowdrops, crocuses, daffodils, and anemones, that grew not in patches of two and three, but in wide sheets. Before the house there was a lawn so old and mossy that your feet sank into it as you walked; at one end was the house, with a row of gray gables in the roof, and long windows that opened on the grass; at the other end was a low brick wall with a wide gateway, and here you went down three steps into the garden.

7. When we saw it we sighed for joy ; we nearly screamed, it was so beautiful. It was divided here and there by yew hedges, so that we kept finding one new place after another ; and it seemed to lie all in a warm hollow sheltered by the beech trees, where there was no wind, but nearly always sun. The soil looked as if it had been a garden for hundreds of years, and the plants as if they had grown and grown and had never been disturbed.

8. We saw whole beds of lilies of the valley, clove carnations, burning bush, fleur-de-lis, moss and cabbage roses, day lilies, crown imperials, and more old-fashioned plants and shrubs than I can remember.

9. Bobby looked round at them all and sighed. "Did you make all this garden yourself?" he asked.

10. "Oh, no," Mr. Arthur said. "This is a very old garden, as you can see. I have only put in my favorite plants since I came."

11. "I never saw so beautiful a place in all my life," I said as earnestly as I could. "May we go down the walks?"

12. Mr. Arthur said we might go wherever we liked. He went with us, and told us all about the plants.

13. Bobby began by saying, "Do you mind if we ask a few questions? It is a thing, you know, that nurse will not allow."

14. Mr. Arthur said that he did not mind it in the least, and after this was settled, I must say that we asked more than a few.

15. "I feel like the Queen of Sheba," said Bobby, despondently, when we were going back down the hawthorn walk at last. Mr. Arthur smiled and asked why.

16. "Because when she had seen Solomon's things, there was no more spirit in her, you know," said Bobby, very precisely, for though it takes him a long time to learn a thing, he never forgets it afterwards. "There is no more spirit left in me. I think it is of no use for us to go on with our little gardens."

17. "Ah, but there you are wrong," said Mr. Arthur; "for where would my old garden have been if no one had begun it? Some one must begin everything."

18. "Yes," said Bobby, slowly; "but I don't know that it is of much use for me to begin things of any kind, because they get done so slowly. I might never see the end of them."

19. "But they will be done for some one else," said Mr. Arthur.

20. Bobby is a very truthful boy. He even says things that he need not, because he will never let people think anything untrue about him. So,

though he flushed a little, he looked up into Mr. Arthur's face quite steadily.

21. "But I would rather have things nice for myself than for any one else," he said.

22. "Ah," said Mr. Arthur, quietly, looking down at Bobby as steadily as he looked up. "But a gentleman does not think always of himself."

23. Bobby stood with his hands behind him, looking up at Mr. Arthur without a word for two or three minutes, and then the red in his face rose higher and higher until it reached his hair.

24. "I am not enough of a gentleman yet," said he; "but perhaps I may grow to be more of a one, if I try."

— FRANCES E. CROMPTON.

XL. HIGHER WILL WE CLIMB

1. Higher, higher will we climb
 Up the mount of glory,
 That our names may live through time
 In our country's story:
 Happy, when her welfare calls,
 He who conquers, he who falls.
2. Deeper, deeper let us toil
 In the mines of knowledge;
 Nature's wealth and Learning's spoil
 Win from school and college:

Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

3. Onward, onward may we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty:
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make we then a heaven of earth.
4. Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit
In the wildest weather:
Oh, they wander wide who roam.
For the joys of life from home!

— *Selected.*

XLI. A BOY HERO

1. It was a dark night early in May. The clouds hung low over the wet earth, and through the rushing of the wind and the pelting of the rain could be heard the roar of the river. Fritz Ernst, walking briskly along the road, with his coat collar turned up about his ears, wished he were at home again.

2. "Father is worse off than I," he reflected, as a strip of woodland cut off the beat of the rain for a moment. "If I had to stay out in this storm till

after midnight, I might complain. I know he is worried about the lower bridge, and I don't wonder. The river must be tearing along like a mill race."

3. He struck up a cheery whistle as the light of the little flag station came into view around a turn in the road. Presently the light broadened, the door was flung open, and a man came out, peering eagerly down the black path before him. He had a lantern on his arm.

4. "Here I am, father," called Fritz, "and mother has sent you a nice hot supper."

5. "Never mind the supper now, lad," sharply spoke the anxious father. "The river has washed out a piece of the track, and the express is nearly due. There's a freight train on the siding, so I can't switch her off there."

6. "Are the wires down?" asked Fritz.

7. "No, but the train left the city on time. The local is just behind. There's a chance, but it's a desperate one."

8. "What is it, father?" Fritz was now gravely alert.

9. "The hand car is here in the shed. If we can get it out on the track — it's heavy — perhaps I can work it up the road far enough to signal the express. I am uneasy about the upper bridge, too. I mean to stop them on the other side if possible."

10. "Couldn't you run as fast as the car will go?" suggested Fritz.

11. "Not on the bridge," said his father. "And as soon as I get out of the woods it will be down grade, and I can make better time."

12. The two were already dragging out the heavy hand car from the shed close by, Fritz working with a man's strength in his excitement. Suddenly a thought struck him.

13. "You must let me go, father," said he. "I can manage as well as you can, and your post is here. If a message should come, what could I do? And the up train will be here in an hour."

14. "But you may meet the train on the bridge, my boy," he said. "I can't let you take the risk."

15. "It's no greater for me than it would be for you," said Fritz stoutly. "I shall have the red lantern and a rope, and I'll take care of myself. Don't worry, father."

16. The big man patted the boy's shoulder. "My brave lad," he said. "I believe you can do it, if you can only cross the bridge safely. Remember, if you hear the train coming, give yourself time to get off."

17. The hand car started slowly up the track. It was hard work at first, but presently the grade lessened, and Fritz found to his joy that he was

making fairly good headway. Soon the woods grew thinner and he came out into the open country. He was now moving at a very fair rate of speed, and soon ran out on the weakened bridge. He could hear the water rushing and tumbling below him.

18. "Suppose this bridge should go!" The thought sent a sudden terror to his heart, and for an instant his grip on the bar relaxed. Then he brought himself to his work, listening intently for the distant rumble of the approaching train.

19. The car swung out round a curve on the trestlework of the bank. It was not so dark here as in the woods behind him, but the roaring of the storm and the noise of the rushing waters shut out every other sound.

20. "I couldn't hear the train even if it were just across the river," he thought. "I must take my chances, that's all. There are hundreds of lives to save, and I'm only one."

21. If the track had been a straight one, the chances would have been greater, but it twisted and wound like a snake, as Fritz well knew, on its way to the city among the hills. He bent to his task with aching back and weary arms. How wide—how wide the river looked! Could he ever reach the other side?

22. Suddenly out of the roar and rush came an-

other sound—the scream of a locomotive whistle. It seemed far away, to be sure, but Fritz was not deceived. It was the whistle for Gray's Crossing, not a mile beyond the bridge.

23. He is almost across now. Below he can see a line of white at the water's edge. It only needs a minute more—but there, through the rain, is the gleam of the headlight. Fritz seizes the lantern, and waving it aloft jumps down to the planking of the bridge. Fortunately it is too dark to see how far beneath him the ragged shore line lies, and in a few moments the trestlework ends, and he is upon solid ground again.

24. Away he runs, swinging his lantern back and forth over his head, stumbling among the loose stones of the railroad bed, but keeping his footing in some wonderful way that he can never afterwards explain. The blazing headlight comes nearer and nearer. The grind of the wheels rises above the noise of the storm, and for an instant Fritz thinks the engineer does not see him, but the train is already slackening its speed, and scarcely runs its length beyond the boy as he stands there by the track.

25. The rest is easily told. A brakeman is sent back to flag the other train, and the danger of collision is averted—the express is saved.

26. “But the worst of it was, the fuss they made

over me," Fritz tells his mother when he goes home. "I hope I shall never have to go through that again." — *Selected.*

XLII. THE BUILDERS

1. All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.
2. Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.
3. For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.
4. Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.
5. In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

6. Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen ;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.
7. Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.
8. Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base ;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.
9. Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

XLIII. WHY A BALLOON ASCENDS

1. A teacher and some of the scholars were talking about the balloon ascension which they had just seen on the Common.
2. "Would you like to go up in a balloon?"
The question was asked a bright-looking boy who stood by the teacher's side.

3. "Oh, yes, if I could be sure of coming down again."

4. "You would be quite sure of that."

5. "But I mean alive."

6. "You would, most likely, come down alive. Even if you were to fall from a great height, the *fall* might not hurt you."

7. "No; but the earth would, when I reached it."

8. "Yes; you would hit it very hard, and it would hit you again with just the same force. The earth would not feel the blow, but you would. *Action* and *reaction*, you remember, are equal."

9. "It seems rather hard that the earth should attract any one who falls, and then hit him so tremendously for falling."

10. "You would find it hard, at all events, if you were to fall from a balloon. You will generally find that those who draw you into mischief will be the last to have any mercy upon you when you yield. The earth, however, is very good to us all as long as we are contented with our proper place upon it."

11. "What makes a balloon go up?"

12. "The same force which would make you come down."

13. "You don't mean the attraction of the earth?"

14. "I do."

15. "How can that be? The earth pulls all other bodies towards itself."

16. "Yes; but some are heavier than others. In pulling the heavier bodies down, it may squeeze the lighter ones up. Drop a large stone into a bucket full of water — what happens?"

17. "It makes a splash."

18. "Anything else?"

19. "Yes; the stone sinks to the bottom, and the water rises and pours over the edge of the bucket."

20. "What makes the water rise?"

21. "The sinking of the stone."

22. "Yes; and that was caused by gravitation. Two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time. The stone turned the water out to make room for itself, and, by sinking through it, compelled it to rise. Now if you were to place a cork, or a block of wood, at the bottom of the bucket, where the stone is, what would happen?"

23. "The cork would rise through the water, and the water would sink and take its place."

24. "Yes; in this case the water would be the heavier, and it would send the cork up. Now I will show you a real air balloon. I'll put one end of this tube at the bottom of the bucket, and then blow through the other. What do you see?"

25. "Bubbles rising."

26. "Bubbles! Air balloons, I call them. What makes them rise?"

27. "The air is lighter than the water."

28. "Let us say, rather, the water is heavier than the air. Both are attracted by the earth; but the water, being attracted with greater force, slips under the air bubbles, and compels them to get out of its way as best they can. The air, therefore, goes to the top, which is its proper place; and when it meets with any other object lighter than itself, such as a balloon, it serves that in the same way, and sends it up."

29. "The air, then, is attracted to the earth, like anything else?"

30. "Certainly it is. Now you understand why the balloon rises."

31. "Yes; it is lighter than the air, and the air, being attracted downwards, presses under it, and forces it up."

32. "Very good; but what makes the balloon so much lighter than the air?"

33. "The gas that is in the bag, I suppose."

34. "Good again. The balloon is filled with hydrogen gas, which is about seven times lighter, bulk for bulk, than atmospheric air. Therefore, when a large quantity of it is shut up in a bag, the



A BALLOON ASCENSION

bag not only rises through the air, as a bubble does through water, but carries a car with two or three men in it. The whole machine, even when thus loaded, is lighter than an equal volume of air."

35. "If the bag had nothing at all in it, not even gas, it would be still lighter, would it not?"

36. "But in that case it would collapse. The pressure of the air on all sides would crush it, as you could crush an empty eggshell in your hand."

— *The Boy's Own Annual.*

XLIV. CROSSING THE BAR

1. Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
2. But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless
deep
Turns again home.
3. Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

4. For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crost the bar.

— ALFRED TENNYSON.

XLV. THE UNKNOWN PAINTER

1. Murillo, a famous artist of Seville, often found on the canvas of some of his pupils sketches bearing marks of great genius. They were done during the night, and he was unable to find out the author.

2. One morning the pupils were at the studio before him, and were standing before an easel, lost in wonder and surprise, when Murillo entered. His wonder was as great as theirs on finding a most beautiful painting.

3. He asked first one and then another of the young painters, to see if any one of them would lay claim to it, but each sadly answered, "No!" and one said, "He who has done this will one day be the greatest of us all."

4. "Sebastian!" said the master to a young slave that stood by trembling, "who is in this studio at night?" "No one but myself, signor." "Well, watch here to-night; and if you do not find out who it is that comes to this room, thirty lashes shall be your

punishment on the morrow." Sebastian bowed and retired.

5. That night Sebastian slept soundly on his mattress until the clock of the church struck three. He then sprang from his poor bed, and said to himself, "Three hours are my own, the rest are my master's."

6. He seized a palette and took his seat at the easel, to blot out the work of the night before. With brush in hand, he paused before making the fatal stroke. "I cannot! oh, I cannot blot it out!" said he. "Rather let me finish it."

7. He went to work and forgot everything else in his earnestness: a little color here, a touch there, a soft shade here; and thus three hours rolled by unnoticed. The young artist slave saw nothing but the lovely picture before him, the face of which seemed to smile upon him with a look of heavenly goodness and grace.

8. He felt that he was free, when suddenly a slight noise caused him to look up. Murillo with his pupils stood around! and the sun was shining brightly through the window.

Again he was a slave. His eyes fell beneath their eager gaze.

9. "Who is your master, Sebastian?"

10. "You, signor."

11. "Your drawing-master, I mean?"

12. "You, signor."

13. "I have never given you lessons."

14. "No, but you gave them to these young gentlemen, and I heard them."

15. "Yes, and by the old patron saint of Spain, you have made better use of them than any one of these has yet done. Does this boy deserve punishment or reward, my dear pupils?"

16. "Reward, signor," was the quick reply.

17. "What shall it be?"

18. One whispered a suit of clothes, another a sum of money, a third his freedom, but no chord was touched in the captive's bosom.

19. A cry burst from the lips of Sebastian — a cry of joy, of pain, almost of grief — as he threw himself on his knees before his master, clasped his hands, and raised his streaming eyes to meet his master's gaze.

20. "Oh, freedom — freedom for my father!" cried he, in a voice choked by tears and sobs.

21. "And yours? Do you not desire your own?" asked Murillo. Sebastian hung down his head, and with a sob answered, "My father first, signor."

22. "Yes, my poor child; and yours too," said Murillo, no longer able to restrain his tears, as he raised Sebastian kindly. "Oh, my master! my good

master!" was all that Sebastian's feelings enabled him to utter.

23. "Thou art now free, Sebastian," said Murillo. "Free to serve thee all my life, master!" he replied, falling again on his knees and kissing his master's hands.

25. "Sebastian," said Murillo, "your pencil has proved your genius, and your request shows that you have a noble heart. From this day I style you an ARTIST, and I receive you among my pupils."

26. In Italy and in our picture galleries there are still to be seen many beautiful paintings from the pencils of Murillo and Sebastian Gomez.

—*Selected.*

XLVI. YOUSSEF

1. A stranger came one night to Youssuf's tent,
Saying, "Behold one outcast and in dread,
Against whose life the bow of power is bent, —
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head;
I come to thee for shelter and for food,
To Youssuf, called through all our tribes 'The
Good.'"
2. "This tent is mine," said Youssuf, "but no more
Than it is God's; come in, and be at peace;
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store,
As I of His, who buildeth over these

Our tents his glorious roof of night and day,
And at whose door none ever yet heard Nay."

3. So Youssuf entertained his guest that night,
And, waking him ere day, said, "Here is gold;
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight;
Depart before the prying day grow bold."
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

4. That inward light the stranger's face made grand,
Which shines from all self-conquest. Kneeling
low,
He bowed his forehead upon Youssuf's hand,
Sobbing, "O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so:
I will repay thee; all this thou hast done
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son!"

5. "Take thrice the gold," said Youssuf; "for, with
thee
Into the desert, never to return,
My one black thought shall ride away from
me.
Firstborn! for whom by day and night I yearn,
Balanced and just are all of God's decrees;
Thou art avenged, my firstborn; sleep in peace!"

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

XLVII. THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

1. Next morning, being Friday, the third day of August, in the year 1492, Columbus set sail, a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to Heaven for the success of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected. Columbus steered directly for the Canary Islands, and arrived there without any occurrence that would have deserved notice on any other occasion. But in such an important voyage every circumstance was attended to.

2. As they proceeded, the signs of approaching land seemed to be more certain. The birds began to appear in flocks, making toward the southwest. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of the discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west toward that point whither they pointed their flight.

3. But after holding on for several days in this new direction, without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during the thirty days but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional force; impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance.

4. All idea of obedience was lost. The officers, who had hitherto agreed with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him to tack about and return to Europe.

5. Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to employ either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him and obey his commands for three day longer, and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course toward Spain.

6. Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again toward their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable; nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The signs of land were now so numerous and promising that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding line had reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance.

7. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea fowl, but of such land birds as

could not be supposed to fly far from shore. The crew of the Pinta observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the Nina took up the branch of a tree with red berries perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was milder and warmer, and during night the wind became variable.

8. From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that on the evening of the 11th of October he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation no man shut his eyes, all kept upon deck, gazing intently upon that quarter where they expected to discover the land which had so long been the object of their wishes.

9. About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Gutierrez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Gutierrez saw it, and called to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet. All three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place.

10. A little after midnight the joyful sound of *Land! Land!* was heard from the Pinta, which kept always ahead of the other ships. But from having

been so often deceived by false appearances, every man was slow of belief, and waited in all the impatience of uncertainty for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country.

11. The crew of the *Pinta* instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships with tears of joy. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation, mingled with reverence.

12. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had hindered the prosecution of his plan, and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man, whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with wisdom and fortitude more than human.

13. As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed toward the island with their colors flying, and with warlike music. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered



"HE LANDED IN A RICH DRESS, AND WITH A NAKED SWORD IN HIS HAND."

with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the sight had drawn together, whose attitude and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view.

14. Columbus was the first European who set foot on the new world which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They then took possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon with all the formalities which it was customary to observe in acts of this kind.

15. The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed in silent admiration upon actions which they could not comprehend. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising.

16. The vast machines in which they had crossed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the water with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children of the sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

17. The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb and shrub and tree was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The black hair, long and uncurled, of the inhabitants, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses on their heads.

18. They had no beards: their complexion was of a dusky copper color, and their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well shaped and active. Their faces, and parts of their bodies, were painted with glaring colors. They were shy at first, through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and with transports of joy received from them hawk bells, glass beads, and other baubles; in return for which they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, the only commodity of value which they could produce.

19. Toward evening, Columbus returned to the ship, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called canoes, and though these were rudely formed, each out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity. Thus, in the first interview between the inhabitants of the old and new worlds, everything was conducted amicably and to their mutual satisfaction.

XLVIII. AT THE CROSSING

1. Now, at the crossing, boy, you stand,
With sturdy heart and strong right hand,
Ruddy cheek by the breezes fanned,
And sunshine streaming o'er the land.
Boy, at the crossing, look, awake!
Oh, be sure of the road you take.
2. Boy at the crossing, now beware!
For many roads are crossing there,
And sin's deceitful thoroughfare
Seems bright and smiling — have a care!
Oh, study well before you choose,
Which you will take, and which refuse.
3. Right roads crossed by roads of sin;
Naught to tell but the voice within
Where right shall cease and wrong begin;
You'll be tempted, men have been.
For strange roads cross roads everywhere,
And at the junction, boy, beware!
4. Pause at the crossing, boy, to-day,
Count the cost dear, while yet you may;
Think of the mother far away,
And breathe the prayers she used to say,
Then all your doubts will disappear,
And show the right road, straight and clear.

— *Selected.*

XLIX. WHICH WAS THE HAPPIEST?

1. "What beautiful roses!" said the Sunshine. "And each bud will soon shoot forth, and become just as handsome. They are my children! I have kissed them into life!"

2. Every blown rose heard these words; every swelling bud perceived them.

3. Just then a sorrowful, affectionate mother, clad in mourning, chanced to walk through the garden. She plucked one of the roses which was only half blown, yet fresh and full. This seemed to her to be the loveliest of them all. She took the rose to her quiet, silent chamber, where a few days ago her young, bright, and joyous daughter had been moving nimbly and merrily up and down; but now, alas! lay like a sleeping marble image. The mother kissed her departed child; then she kissed the half-blown rose, and laid it on the bosom of the young girl, half hoping that by its freshness, and by the kiss of a loving mother, the heart of her dear child might perhaps again begin to beat.

4. The Rose seemed to swell; each leaf quivered with joy. "What a road of love," it said, "has been granted unto me to walk! I am become like the child of a human being; I receive a mother's kiss; I hear the words of blessing, and enter into the un-

known realm of bliss, dreaming at the bosom of the pale angel! In truth, I am become the happiest of all of us sisters!"

5. In the garden where the Rosebush stood, an old woman was walking, who had been employed to weed the garden. She also gazed upon the splendid bush, and kept her eyes upon the largest fully developed rose. Only a dewdrop, and one hot day more, and the leaves would come off. This the old woman saw, and she said that the rose had lived long enough for beauty; now it should also, she meant, be of some practical use. So she plucked it, wrapped it up in an old newspaper, and took it home to the other pale and faded roses, to be pickled, to be *potpourri*, to go into company with the little blue boys named lavenders, and to be embalmed with salt. Understand, to be embalmed—that is an honor only granted to roses and royal persons.

6. "I am the most honored!" said the Rose, when the weeding woman took it home. "I am the happiest; I am going to be embalmed."

7. Now two young men were promenading in the garden. One was a Painter, the other was a Poet. Each of them plucked a rose, beautiful to behold. The Painter represented on the canvas an image of the blooming Rose, an image so perfectly

beautiful that the Rose itself supposed that it was looking in the glass.

8. "Thus," said the Painter, "this Rose shall live through many succeeding generations, in which millions on millions of roses wither and die."

9. "Ah! I became, after all, the most favored!" said this Rose; "I had the best fortune!"

10. Now the Poet looked at his rose — wrote a poem on it in loving, mysterious terms. Indeed, it was a whole pictorial book of love which he wrote; it was an immortal piece of poetry.

11. "By this book I have become immortal," said the Rose. "I am the most fortunate!"

12. However, in the very midst of all this splendor of roses, there was one almost hidden by the others. Accidentally, perhaps fortunately, it had a little deformity, sat a little obliquely on the stock, and on one side the leaves did not correspond to those on the opposite side; indeed, in the midst of the blossom itself even, a little green, crippled leaf was about to grow up. Such things happen now and then, even to roses.

13. "Poor child!" said the Wind, kissing its cheek. The Rose believed this kissing to be a greeting and homage. It had an idea of being formed somewhat differently from the other roses, and that a green leaf was about to grow up in its very center,

and this it considered an ornament. A butterfly flew down and kissed its leaves. Now the butterfly was a wooer, but the Rose discarded him. Then came an immensely big grasshopper. However, he seated himself on another rose, and rubbed his shin bone, which, strange to say, is a token of love amongst grasshoppers. The Rose on which he was seated did not understand it, but that with the green, crippled leaf did; for upon her the big grasshopper looked with eyes that plainly said: "I could eat thee from mere love!" And this is indeed the highest point which love can reach, when one is absorbed in the other! But the Rose resisted, and would by no means be absorbed in the jumping dandy. Now a nightingale began to sing in the moonlight night.

14. "This singing is only in honor of me; I am serenaded!" said the Rose with the deformity, or with the ornament, as she believed it to be. "Why am I thus to be distinguished in preference to all my sisters? Why did I receive this deformity, I mean this ornament, which makes me the most lucky?"

15. Now two cigar-smoking gentlemen appeared in the garden. They spoke of roses and of tobacco. Roses are said not to be able to endure tobacco smoke; they fade, become greenish. It was to be tested. But the modest gentlemen could not per-

suade themselves to take one of the very finest roses; they took that with the deformity.

16. "Indeed, one more honor!" said the Rose. "I am fortunate in the extreme! Much more so than any of my sisters!"

17. But in the midst of this self-conceit and tobacco smoke, she became greenish yellow.

18. One rose, still half bud, but perhaps the most beautiful on the bush, was given a place of honor in the gardener's elegant bouquet. It was brought to the young, haughty lord of the house, and rode with him in his fine cabriolet. It paraded in all its beauty amongst other fragrant flowers; it shared the splendid festivities of the house. Men and women sat gorgeously dressed, lighted by a thousand lamps; the music sounded; the theater was brilliantly illuminated, as if it were an ocean of brightness; and when the young danseuse, in the midst of stormy applause, appeared on the stage, bouquet after bouquet flew like a rain of flowers before her feet. There the bouquet fell in which the beautiful rose paraded like a diamond star. It felt its whole indescribable happiness; it felt the honor and splendor by which it was surrounded, and when touching the floor it also danced; it leaped for joy, it rushed over the stage so that its stem broke off. The young danseuse did not get it, for it rolled swiftly behind

the coulisses, where a servant took it up, saw how beautiful and fragrant it was, pocketed it, and when he got home put it into a wineglass filled with water, where it lay all the night. Early in the morning it was placed before his grandmother, who sat, feeble with age, in her armchair. She looked upon the stemless but beautiful rose, delighted in it and in its fragrance.

19. "Thou wast not placed upon a rich and fashionable lady's table," she said, "but thou camest to a poor old woman. How beautiful thou art!"

20. And with childlike joy she looked upon the blossom, no doubt thinking of her own blooming youth which now had passed away.

21. "The pane was cracked," said the Wind. "I got easily in, saw the old woman's youthful bright eyes, and the stemless, yet beautiful Rose in the wineglass. Indeed, the happiest of them all! I know it! I can tell it!"

22. Each rose on the bush in the garden had its own history. Each rose believed and thought itself the happiest, and it is faith that makes us happy.

— HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

If there is a virtue in the world at which we should always aim, it is cheerfulness.

— BULWER LYTTON.

L. THE MANLIEST MAN

1. The manliest man of all the race,
Whose heart is open as his face,
Puts forth his hand to help another.
'Tis not the blood of kith or kin,
'Tis not the color of the skin ;
'Tis the true heart which beats within
That makes the man a man and brother.
2. His words are warm upon his lips,
His heart beats to his finger tips,
He is a friend and loyal neighbor.
Sweet children kiss him on the way,
And women trust him, for they may,
He owes no debt he cannot pay ;
He earns his bread with honest labor.
3. He lifts the fallen from the ground,
And puts his feet upon the round
Of dreaming Jacob's starry ladder,
Which lifts him higher, day by day,
Toward the bright and heavenly way,
And farther from the tempter's sway,
That stingeth like the angry adder.
4. He strikes oppression to the dust,
He shares the blows aimed at the just,

He shrinks not from the post of danger.
 And in the thickest of the fight
 He battles bravely for the right,
 For that is mightier than might,
 Though cradled in an humble manger.

5. Hail to the manly man ! he comes
 Not with the sound of horns and drums,
 Though grand as any duke, and grander ;
 He dawns upon the world, and light
 Dispels the dreary gloom of night,
 And ills, like bats and owls, take flight ;
 He's greater than great Alexander.

—GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

LI. WASHINGTON

1. Washington stands among the greatest men of human history, and those in the same rank with him are very few. Whether measured by what he did, or what he was, or by the effect of his work upon the history of mankind, in every aspect he is entitled to the place he holds among the greatest of his race.

2. Few men in all time have such a record of achievement. Still fewer can show, at the end of a career so crowded with high deeds and memorable victories, a life so free from spot, a character so un-

selfish and so pure, a fame so void of doubtful points demanding either defense or explanation. Eulogy of such a life is needless, but it is always important to recall and to freshly remember just what manner of man he was.

3. In the first place, he was physically a striking figure. He was very tall, powerfully made, with a strong, handsome face. He was remarkably muscular and powerful. As a boy, he was a leader in all outdoor sports. No one could fling the bar farther than he, and no one could ride more difficult horses.

4. As a young man, he became a woodsman and hunter. Day after day he could tramp through the wilderness with his gun and surveyor's chain, and then sleep at night beneath the stars. He feared no exposure or fatigue, and outdid the hardest backwoodsman in following a winter trail and swimming icy streams.

5. This habit of vigorous bodily exercise he carried through life. Whenever he was at Mount Vernon he gave a large part of his time to fox-hunting, riding after his hounds through the most difficult country. His physical power and endurance counted for much in his success when he commanded his army, and when the heavy anxieties of general and president weighed upon his mind and heart.

6. He was an educated but not a learned man. He read well and remembered what he read, but his life was from the beginning a life of action, and the world of men his school. He was not a military genius like Hannibal, or Cæsar, or Napoleon, of which the world has had only three or four examples. But he was a great soldier of the type which the English race has produced, like Marlborough and Cromwell, Wellington, Grant, and Lee.

7. He was patient under defeat, capable of large combinations, a stubborn and often reckless fighter, a winner of battles, but much more, a conclusive winner in a long war of varying fortunes. He was, in addition, what very few great soldiers or commanders have ever been, a great constitutional statesman, able to lead a people along the paths of free government without undertaking himself to play the part of the strong man, the usurper, or the savior of society.

8. He was a very silent man. Of no man of equal importance in the world's history have we so few sayings of a personal kind. He was ready enough to talk or to write about the public duties which he had in hand, but he seldom talked of himself. Yet there can be no greater error than to suppose Washington cold and unfeeling because of his silence and reserve.

9. He was by nature a man of strong desires and stormy passions. Now and again he would break out, even as late as the presidency, into a gust of anger that would sweep everything before it. He was always reckless of personal danger, and had a fierce fighting spirit which nothing could check when once unchained. But as a rule these fiery impulses and strong passions were under the absolute control of an iron will, and they never clouded his judgment or warped his keen sense of justice.

10. But if he was not of a cold nature, still less was he hard or unfeeling. His pity always went out to the poor, the oppressed, or the unhappy, and he was all that was kind and gentle to those about him.

11. We have to look carefully into his life to learn all these things, for the world saw only a silent, reserved man, of courteous and serious manner, who seemed to stand alone and apart, and who impressed every one who came near him with a sense of awe and reverence.

12. One quality he had which was, perhaps, more characteristic of the man and his greatness than any other. This was his perfect veracity of mind. He was, of course, the soul of truth and honor, but he was even more than that. He never deceived himself. He always looked facts squarely in the face and dealt with them as such, dreaming no dreams,



"THE WORLD SAW ONLY A SILENT, RESERVED MAN OF COURTEOUS AND SERIOUS MIEN."

cherishing no delusions, asking no impossibilities — just to others as to himself, and thus winning alike in war and in peace.

13. He gave dignity as well as victory to his country and his cause. He was, in truth, a “character for ages to admire.”

— *Selected.*

LII. GIVE

1. See the rivers flowing
 Downward to the sea,
 Pouring all their treasures,
 Bountiful and free.
 Yet, to help their giving,
 Hidden springs arise ;
 Or, if need be, showers
 Feed them from the skies.

2. Watch the princely flowers
 Their rich fragrance spread,
 Load the air with perfumes
 From their beauty shed.
 Yet their lavish spending
 Leaves them not in dearth,
 With fresh life replenished
 By their mother earth !

3. Give thy heart's best treasures ;
 From fair nature learn ;
 Give thy love, and ask not,
 Wait not a return.
 And the more thou givest
 From thy little store,
 With a double bounty
 God will give thee more.

— *Household Words.*

LIII. MOSES GOES TO THE FAIR

1. As we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, my wife suggested that it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighboring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last we agreed to part with him.

2. As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage."

You know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

3. As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in.

4. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling-green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer. . . .

5. As it was now almost nightfall, I began to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair. "Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it, he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen on a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will

make you split your sides with laughing — but as I live, yonder comes Moses without a horse, and the box at his back."

6. As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a peddler.

7. "Welcome, welcome, Moses! Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"

8. "I have brought you myself," said Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.

9. "Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?"

10. "I have sold him," replied Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence."

11. "Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it, then."

12. "I have brought back no money," cried Moses again: "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast: "here they are — a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."

13. "A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!"

14. "Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."

15. "A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife in a passion: "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."

16. "You need be under no uneasiness," said I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence; for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."

17. "What!" cried my wife; "not silver! the rims not silver!"

18. "No," cried I; "no more silver than your saucepan."

19. "And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases? A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better."

20. "There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all."

21. "To bring me such stuff!" returned she; "if I had them, I would throw them into the fire."

22. "There again you are wrong, my dear," said

I; "for though they are copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

23. By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretense of having one to sell.

24. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent to Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us." . . .

25. Our family had now made several vain attempts to be fine. "You see, my children," said I, "how little is to be got by attempts to impose upon the world. Those that are poor and will associate with none but the rich are hated by those they avoid, and despised by those they follow." — OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

LIV. THE THINKING BEAR

1. A little bear of philosophic bent,
 And given much to speculative talk,
 Convinced by logic he could not resent
 That it was time for him to try to walk,
 Spent the whole day debating *pro* and *con*
 Which leg 'twere best to start the business on.

2. "Suppose I take my pretty right fore paw!"
 And then he sat and looked at it a while;
 "But to the woods upon the left I go,
 And I should like to do the thing in style,
 Because some pretty she-bears that I know
 Will watch most anxiously the way I go.

3. "Well, then, my left fore paw — but I am sure
 I've seen the Grizzly with the left paw start,
 And such a shambling roll I'd not endure;
 'Twould alienate, of course, Bruena's heart;
 Besides, it seems I've heard that at the worst
 'Tis always best to put the right paw first.

4. "Perchance more gracefulness might be attained
 If both fore paws began to walk together;
 And now the double movement has been named,
 I think I shall consider well if whether

I could not make throughout the whole bear
nation

A most peculiar and profound sensation.

5. Suppose I fold my fore paws on my breast,
And, rising with all elegance I can
Upon my hind paws, do my level best
To walk as walks that most conceited man.
I think, upon my word, the plan would do,
And bears allow I know a thing or two."
6. Just then the mother bear came growling in:
"What! idling yet? Be off! 'tis for your good;
If you want food, you've got it now to win."
"Good mother, I was thinking of the wood."
"Well, go at once, not merely think and talk—
Put off your thinking and *begin to walk*."

— LILLIE E. BARR.

LV. THE STONE IN THE ROAD

1. There once lived a prince who cared much
for the proper training of his people in habits of
thrift and order.
2. He caused at one time a stone to be so set in
the middle of the highroad as to be seriously in the
way of traffic. The place for the stone had previ-



THE PERFORMING BEAR

ously been prepared, as will appear at the end of the story.

3. Early the next morning, a farmer, driving along the road, noticed the stone. "Well, well," he said, "I never saw such neglect. The idea of leaving a great stone in such a place! It's a wonder some one has not broken his neck over it," and whipping up his horses, he drove on, without touching the stone.

4. Next came a soldier who had just received his pay. As he looked up to the blue sky over his head, he jingled the money in his pocket, and gayly hummed a song, but did not perceive the stone, until he pitched headlong over it. As he arose, his song changed to a growl at "the boors and block-heads who left that stone for decent folks to trip over." But he did not remove it.

5. The soldier was followed by a party of villagers on their way to a neighboring fair. The road was so blocked up by the stone, that, in order to pass, they had to file off on either side. "To think of that stone lying there, while hundreds pass by, and not one man to lift it!" said Robert. "It's a great shame!" added Charles, his companion, "but it only shows what lazy folks there are in the world." Yet neither stirred to lift the stone aside.

6. And so it went on, day after day, until a week

rolled by. Many passed that way, but, while all saw the stone and made some remark about it, not one stopped to remove it.

7. At the end of that time, the prince called the people together, and, when they were assembled, led them to the spot where the stone lay. "My friends," he began, "you know I like to teach you a lesson, now and then, in an odd way, and for such a lesson I have called you together to-day. A week ago I placed this stone here, and since then no one has troubled himself to move it, but contented himself with blaming his neighbor for not taking it out of the way."

8. When he had thus spoken he stooped down, raised the stone, and disclosed a round hollow lined with white pebbles, and in it a small leathern bag. This he held aloft, that all the people might see what was written upon it: "*For him who lifts the stone!*"

9. He untied it, turned it upside down, and out upon the stone fell, with a musical ring, a number of bright gold coins.

— *Selected.*

Do the duty that lies nearest to thee.

— GOETHE.

LVI. THE CAMEL'S NOSE

1. Once in his shop a workman wrought,
With languid hand and listless thought,
When through the open window's space,
Behold ! a camel thrust his face :
" My nose is cold," he meekly cried ;
" O, let me warm it by thy side ! "
2. Since no denial word was said,
In came the nose, in came the head ;
As sure as sermon follows text,
The long and scraggy neck came next ;
And then, as falls the threatening storm,
In leaped the whole ungainly form.
3. Aghast the owner gazed around,
And on the rude invader frowned,
Convinced, as closer still he prest,
There was no room for such a guest ;
Yet more astonished heard him say,
" If thou art troubled go away,
For in this place I choose to stay."
4. O youthful hearts to gladness born,
Treat not this Arab lore with scorn !

To evil habit's earliest wile
 Lend neither ear, nor glance, nor smile—
 Choke the dark fountain ere it flows,
 Nor e'en admit the camel's nose!

— L. H. SIGOURNEY.

LVII. FOR WANT OF A NAIL

1. "Good morning, neighbor, and how have you fared?"

2. "Excellently. The weather was fine and the fair well attended. I sold everything at good prices, and have my pockets full of silver and gold."

3. "Well, tell no one till you are safe at home again. And, by the way, I see your horse has lost a nail from his left front shoe. Better stop at the next village and have it attended to."

4. "Perhaps so. We'll see. I'm in great haste. Good morning!"

5. "If I were you, I would take no risks. Good morning!"

6. Horse and driver went on at a smart trot till they reached the next village. Here the man stopped for a bite to eat, but did not spare time to have his horse shod.

7. On they went, through village after village, and more than once some friendly voice called out

to the driver to tell him his horse was losing a shoe. This only annoyed the man, and he urged the horse on faster, so impatient was he to reach home and tell his family what good luck he had had at the fair.

8. When the journey was nearly ended they came to a steep part of the road that has from that day to this been called Horseleg Hill. For here it was that the poor beast paid for his master's carelessness by falling and breaking his leg.

9. The horse was worth more in money alone than all the man had made at the fair, to say nothing of the love the master's children all bore him, for he was a gentle beast. He had to be shot to end his pain, for there was no curing him.

“For want of a nail, the shoe was lost.
 For want of a shoe, the horse was lost.
 For want of a horse, the rider was lost.
 For want of a rider, the battle was lost.
 For want of the battle, the kingdom was lost —
 All for the want of a horseshoe nail !”

LVIII. UNDER THE HOLLY BOUGH

1. Ye who have scorned each other,
 Or injured friend or brother,
 In this fast fading year;
 Ye who, by word or deed,

Have made a kind heart bleed,
 Come, gather here.
 Let sinned against and sinning
 Forget their strife's beginning,
 And join in friendship now; —
 Be links no longer broken —
 Be sweet forgiveness spoken
 Under the Holly bough.

2. Ye who have loved each other,
 Sister, and friend, and brother,
 In this fast fading year:
 Mother, and sire, and child,
 Young man, and maiden mild,
 Come, gather here;
 And let your hearts grow fonder,
 As memory shall ponder
 Each past unbroken vow.
 Old loves and younger wooing
 Are sweet in the renewing,
 Under the Holly bough.
3. Ye who have nourished sadness,
 Estranged from hope and gladness,
 In this fast fading year;
 Ye with o'erburdened mind,
 Made aliens from your kind,
 Come, gather here.

Let not the useless sorrow
Pursue you night and morrow :
If e'er you hoped, hope now —
Take heart — uncloud your faces,
And join in our embraces
Under the Holly bough.

— CHARLES MACKAY.

LIX. AN INCIDENT OF GETTYSBURG

1. Though never a war was fought with more earnestness than the war between the states, never a war was marked by more deeds of noble kindness between the men, officers, and privates of the contending sides. Serving at the front during the entire war as a captain of engineers in the Confederate army, many such deeds came under my observation, while many more have been related to me by credible eyewitnesses.

2. Here is one especially worthy of record. The advance of the Confederate line of battle commenced early on the morning of July 1, 1863, at Gettysburg. The infantry division commanded by Major General John B. Gordon of Georgia was among the first to attack. Its objective point was the left of the Second Corps of the Union army.

3. The daring commander of that corps occupied

a position so far advanced beyond the main line of the Federal army that, while it invited attack, it placed him beyond the reach of ready support when the crisis of battle came to him in the rush of charging lines more extended than his own.

4. The Confederate advance was steady, and it was bravely met by the Union troops, who for the first time found themselves engaged in battle on the soil of the North. It was "a far cry" from Richmond to Gettysburg, yet Lee was in their front, and they seemed resolved to welcome their Southern visitors "with bloody hands to hospitable graves."

5. But the Federal flanks rested in air, and, being turned, the line was badly broken, and despite a bravely resolute defense against the attack of the Confederate veterans, was forced to fall back.

6. Gordon's division was in motion at a double quick, to seize and hold the vantage ground in his front from which the opposing line had retreated. Directly in his path the General saw the apparently dead body of a Union officer. He checked his horse, and then observed from the motion of the eyes and lips that the officer was still living.

7. General Gordon at once dismounted, and seeing that the head of his wounded foeman was lying in a depression in the ground, placed under it a near-by knapsack. While raising him at the

shoulders for that purpose, he saw that the blood was trickling from a bullet hole in the back, and then knew that the officer had been shot through the breast.

8. He then gave him a drink from a flask of brandy and water, and, as the man revived, said, while bending over him: "I am very sorry to see you in this condition. I am General Gordon. Please tell me who you are. I wish to aid you all I can."

9. The answer came in feeble tones: "Thank you, General. I am Brigadier General Barlow of New York. You can do nothing more for me; I am dying." Then after a pause he said: "Yes, you can; my wife is at the headquarters of General Meade. If you survive the battle, please let her know that I died doing my duty."

10. General Gordon replied: "Your message, if I live, shall surely be given to your wife. Can I do nothing more for you?"

11. After a brief pause, General Barlow responded: "Only one thing more. Feel in the breast pocket of my coat—the left breast—and take out a packet of letters."

12. As General Gordon unbuttoned the blood-soaked coat and took out the packet, the seemingly dying soldier said: "Now please take out one and

read it to me. They are from my wife. I wish that her words shall be the last I hear in this world."

13. Resting on one knee at his side, General Gordon, in clear tones, but with tearful eyes, read the letter. It was the missive of a noble woman to her worthy husband, whom she knew to be in daily peril of his life, and with pious fervor breathed a prayer for his safety and commended him to the care of the God of battles.

14. As the reading of the letter ended, General Barlow said: "Thank you. Now please tear them all up. I would not have them read by others."

15. General Gordon tore them into fragments, and scattered them on the field "shot-sown and bladed thick with steel." Then pressing General Barlow's hand, General Gordon bade him good-by, and mounting his horse quickly joined his command.

16. He hastily penned a note on the pommel of his saddle, giving General Barlow's message to his wife, but stated that he was still living, though seriously wounded, and informing her where he lay. Addressing the note to "Mrs. General Barlow, at General Meade's headquarters," he handed it to one of his staff, and told him to place a white handkerchief upon his sword, and ride in a gallop toward the enemy's line, and deliver the note to Mrs. Barlow.

17. The officer promptly obeyed the order. He was not fired upon, and, on being met by a Union officer who advanced to learn his business, he presented the note. It was received and read with the assurance that it should be delivered instantly.

18. Let us turn from Gettysburg to Washington, where, eleven years later, General Gordon held with honor a seat as senator of the United States. He was present at a dinner party given a representative in Congress from the State of New York.

19. Upon meeting a gentleman with the title of General Barlow, General Gordon remarked, "Are you a relative of the General Barlow, a gallant soldier, who was killed at Gettysburg?"

20. The answer was, "I am the General Barlow who was killed at Gettysburg, and you are the General Gordon who succored me!" The meeting was worthy of two such brave men.

21. On receiving General Gordon's note, which had been speedily delivered, Mrs. Barlow hastened to the field, though the battle was still in progress. She soon found her husband, and had him borne to where he could receive surgical attendance.

22. Through her devoted ministration he was enabled to resume his command of the "Excelsior Brigade," and to add to the splendid reputation which it had achieved under General Sickles. — T. J. MACKEY.

LX. WHAT SAITH THE FOUNTAIN?

1. What saith the fountain,
Hid in the glade,
Where the tall mountain
Throweth its shade?
2. "Deep in my waters, reflected serene,
All the soft beauty of heaven is seen;
Thus let thy bosom, from wild passions free,
Ever the mirror of purity be."
3. What saith the streamlet,
Flowing so bright,
Clear as a beamlet
Of silvery light?
4. "Morning and evening still floating along,
Upward forever ascendeth my song.
Be thou contented, whatever befall,
Cheerful in knowing that God is o'er all."
5. What saith the river,
Majestic in flow,
Moving forever
Calmly and slow?
6. "Over my surface the great vessels glide,
Oceanward borne by my strong-heaving tide.
Work thou too, brother, life vanisheth fast;
Labor unceasing — rest cometh at last."

7. What saith the ocean,
 Boundless as night;
 Tumultuous in motion,
 Resistless in might?

8. "Fountain to streamlet, streamlet to river,
 All in my bosom commingle forever;
 Morning to noontide, and noontide to night,
 Soon will eternity veil thee from sight."

— W. W. CALDWELL.

LXI. PATIENCE AND CHEERFULNESS

1. Arthur Stanley, Dean of Westminster Abbey, loved to preach to children, and they loved to listen to the sermons he prepared especially for them, because he spoke to them of the real everyday problems of their young lives, and helped them to see the proper use to be made alike of happiness and misfortune.

2. The following is from a sermon he once gave on sick children. After explaining that "Illness may make a child fretful and selfish . . . but it may also teach a child to be patient and considerate," he told a story of a sickly boy named Charles. He then went on as follows:—

3. "This is from a story—an imaginary tale of what might happen. Now I will tell you of what has

happened. It is a contrast between two boys in Scotland, to which my attention was called sometime ago by an excellent Scottish judge, now dead. They were boys who both became famous in after life. One was Lord Byron, the English poet, and the other was Sir Walter Scott, the Scotch poet and story-writer.

4. "Well, both these boys had the same kind of misfortune. Both Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott, from their earliest years, were lame. Each of them had what is called a club foot, or something like it. But now what was the different effect produced by this lame foot on these two boys?

5. "Lord Byron, who was a perverse, selfish boy, was made by this club foot discontented and angry with every one about him. It went like iron into his soul. It poisoned his heart. It set him against all mankind, and it injured his whole character. He had a splendid genius for writing beautiful verse, but amidst many fine qualities, it was a genius blackened and discolored by hatred, malice, uncharitableness, and the deepest gloom.

6. "Walter Scott, on the other hand, never lost his cheerfulness. His lame foot made him turn to the reading of good old books, and to the enjoyment of the beautiful sights and sounds about him. And he, too, grew to be a great poet, and a writer of stories which will live in every age and in every

country. In him, the lameness which he had borne patiently and cheerfully in childhood never interfered with his kindness and his good humor to those about him. He was a delight to all that came across him; and even when he was at last overtaken by heavier misfortunes, he never lost his loving, generous disposition.

7. "This, then, is the lesson I would wish to teach to all children who are sickly and suffering: Do not think that you are without an object; do not think that you cannot be useful; do not think that everything has gone against you.

8. "No. It is well with you. You can be most useful; you can be *the* useful child; and when you grow up you can be *the* useful man or *the* useful woman in the home.

9. "You can arrange plans for the amusement of those who are too busy to arrange for it themselves; you can show by your constant cheerfulness that happiness does not depend on the good things which you eat or on the active games which you play, but on a contented, joyful heart.

10. "And you children who are strong and healthy, remember that to you this little sick brother or little sick sister is a blessing that God has given you. It is well for you to have them. They may not be able to share in your games; you will often

be obliged to be quiet in their sick rooms, or when they come amongst you. But that is good for you, because it makes you see very early the joy, the happiness, the usefulness of having some one weaker than yourself—some one in pain or suffering to whom you can minister like a ministering angel.

11. "Do not be hasty or angry with a deaf brother, or, I may say, a deaf mother or aunt, because they cannot hear you; or a blind sister, or, I may say, a blind father or uncle, because they cannot see; or with a lame or deformed brother or cousin or companion because they cannot take an active part in your amusements.

12. "No, they cannot do this; but they can do much better than this for you. They can make you feel for deafness and blindness and lameness everywhere. When you have seen it in those you love, you will be reminded of it in those you do not love. And if you have had any of these misfortunes and have grown out of them, the recollection of what you have suffered may make you of much use to others.

13. "In every family where there is a sick child, remember that it is your duty, your privilege, to look after such. They are your special charges. They are our earliest and best teachers in the good way."

Read Mrs. Ewing's "A Story of a Short Life." It tells pathetically of the change wrought in a willful boy by a sad accident.

LXII. THE GRAY SWAN

Mother. "O tell me, sailor, tell me true,
 Is my little lad, my Elihu,
 A-sailing with your ship?"
 The sailor's eyes were dim with dew.

Sailor. "Your little lad, your Elihu?"
 He said, with trembling lip —
 "What little lad? what ship?"

M. "What little lad? as if there could be
 Another such a one as he!
 What little lad, do you say?
 Why, Elihu, that took to the sea
 The moment I put him off my knee!
 It was just the other day
 The Gray Swan sailed away."

S. "The other day?" The sailor's eyes
 Stood open with a great surprise —
 "The other day! — the Swan!"
 His heart began in his throat to rise.

M. "Aye, aye, sir; here in the cupboard lies
 The jacket he had on."

S. "And so your lad is gone?"

M. "Gone with the Swan."

S. "And did she stand
 With her anchor clutching hold of the sand

For a month, and never stir ? ”

M. “ Why, to be sure ! I’ve seen from the land,
Like a lover kissing his lady’s hand,
The wild sea kissing her —
A sight to remember, sir.”

S. “ But, my good mother, do you know
All this was twenty years ago ?
I stood on the Gray Swan’s deck,
And to that lad I saw you throw —
Taking it off, as it might be, so ! —
The kerchief from your neck.”

M. “ Aye, and he’ll bring it back ! ”

S. “ And did the little lawless lad,
That has made you sick and made you sad,
Sail with the Gray Swan’s crew ? ”

M. “ Lawless ! the man is going mad !
The best boy ever mother had !
Be sure, he sailed with the crew :
What would you have him do ? ”

S. “ And has he never written line,
Nor sent you word, nor made you sign,
To say he was alive ? ”

M. “ Hold ! if ’twas wrong, the wrong is mine ;
Besides, he may be in the brine.
And could he write from the grave ?
Tut, man ! what would you have ? ”



“It was just the other day
The Gray Swan sailed away.”

S. "Gone twenty years — a long, long cruise!
 'Twas wicked thus your love to abuse;
 But if the lad still live,
 And come back home, think you you can
 Forgive him?"

M. "Miserable man,
 You're mad as the sea, — you rave!
 What have I to forgive?"

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,
 And from within his bosom drew
 The kerchief. She was wild.

M. "My God! my Father! is it true?
 My little lad, my Elihu!
 My blessed boy, my child!
 My dead, my living child!" — ALICE CARY.

LXIII. SAYING AND DOING

1. One evening during the holidays, Frank, a tall schoolboy, amused his younger brother Harry by reading an essay which had gained him the first prize at school. The subject was Self-Denial. Frank was a clever lad, and had done his task very well.

2. He presented his subject in so striking a light that it made considerable impression on the mind of his young hearer; and as soon as he had finished, Harry thanked him for his good advice,

and expressed a determination of endeavoring to profit by it.

3. "I am afraid," said he, "I have never learned to deny myself as I ought; but I hope, Frank, that I shall not forget this lesson of yours, and I wish you would give me some more good hints on the subject."

4. Now Frank felt disappointed that Harry should begin to moralize about the composition, instead of praising it; and it confirmed him in a favorite opinion of his, that his brother Harry had not a spark of genius.

5. Harry repeated his request; but finding his brother more inclined to talk of the merits of his essay than to draw any practical improvement from it, he contented himself with his own private resolutions. "To-morrow," said he to himself, "to-morrow morning I will begin. But why not begin to-night?"

6. The clock had just struck, and Harry remembered that his mother had desired them not to sit up a minute after the clock struck nine. He reminded his brother of this order.

7. "Never mind," said Frank; "here's a good fire, and I shall stay and enjoy it."

8. "Yes," said Harry, "here is a good fire, and I should like to stay and enjoy it; but that would not be self-denial, would it, Frank?"

9. "Nonsense!" said Frank; "I shall not stir yet, I promise you."

10. "Then good night to you," said Harry.

11. Six o'clock was the time at which Harry was expected to rise; but not infrequently, since the cold weather set in, he had indulged an hour longer. When it struck six the next morning, he started up; but the air felt so frosty that he had a strong inclination to lie down again. "But no," thought he; "here is a fine opportunity for self-denial;" and up he jumped without further hesitation.

12. "Frank! Frank!" cried he to his sleeping brother, "past six o'clock, and a fine starlight morning."

13. "Let me alone," said Frank, in a cross, drowsy voice.

14. "Very well, then; a pleasant nap to you," said Harry; and down he ran as gay as a lark.

15. After studying half an hour, he had time to take a pleasant walk before breakfast; so that he came in fresh and rosy, with a good appetite, and, what was still better, in a good humor.

16. But poor Frank, who had just tumbled out of bed when the first bell rang, came down looking pale, and cross, and cold, and discontented. Harry, who, if he had no genius, had some sly drollery of his own, was just beginning to rally him on his for-

lorn appearance, when he recollected his resolution. "Frank does not like to be laughed at, especially when he is cross," thought he; so he suppressed his joke: and it requires some self-denial even to suppress a joke.

17. During breakfast his father promised that, if the weather continued fine, Harry should ride out with him before dinner on the gray pony. Harry was much delighted with this proposal, and the thought of it occurred to him very often during the business of the morning.

18. The sun shone cheerily in at the parlor windows, and seemed to promise a fine day. About noon, however, it became cloudy, and Harry was somewhat startled to perceive a few large drops upon the flagstones in the yard. He nevertheless put on his greatcoat at the time appointed, and stood playing with his whip in the hall, waiting to see the horses led out.

19. His mother, now passing by, said, "My dear boy, I am afraid there can be no riding this morning; do you see that the stones are quite wet?"

20. "Dear mother," said Harry, "you surely do not imagine that I am afraid of a few drops of rain! I don't believe it rains at all now."

21. "It seems to me to be coming up very heavy from the south," said his mother.

22. "It will be no more than a shower, at any rate," replied Harry.

23. Just then his father came in. Looking first at the clouds, then at Harry, he shook his head.

24. "You intend to go, father, don't you?" said Harry.

25. "I must go, I have business to do; but I believe, Harry, it will be better for you to stay at home this morning," said his father.

26. "But, sir," said Harry, "do you think it possible, now, that this little sprinkling of rain can do me the least harm in the world, with my greatcoat and all?"

27. "Yes, Harry," said his father, "I do think that even this sprinkling of rain may do you harm, as you have not been quite well; I think, too, it will be more than a sprinkling. But you shall decide on this occasion for yourself; I know you have some self-command. I shall only tell you that your going this morning would make your mother uneasy, and that we both think it improper. Now decide for yourself."

28. Harry again looked at the clouds, at the stones, at his boots, and last of all at his kind mother. "This," thought he, "is the best opportunity for self-denial that I have had to-day;" and he immediately ran out to tell Roger that he need not saddle the gray pony.

29. "Harry," said his little sister, after dinner, "when will you show me how to do that pretty puzzle? You said you would a long time ago."

30. "I am busy now, child," said Harry. "Don't tease me now, there's a good girl."

31. She said no more, but looked disappointed, and still hung upon her brother's chair. "Come, then," said he, suddenly recollecting his resolve; "bring me your puzzle;" and laying down his book, he very good-naturedly showed his little sister what she wished to know.

32. That night, when the two boys were going to bed, Harry said to himself, "This has been a pleasant day to me; although I have had one great disappointment in it, and have done several things against my will."

— JANE TAYLOR.

LXIV. A BALLAD OF THE WAR

1. "My arm?" I lost it at Cedar Mountain;
 Ah, little one, that was a dreadful fight,
 For brave blood flowed like a summer fountain,
 And the cannon roared till the fall of night.
 Nay, nay, your question has done no harm, dear,
 Though it woke for a moment a thrill of pain,
 For whenever I look at my stump of an arm here,
 I seem to be living that day again.

2. A cloud of sulphurous haze hung o'er us,
 As prone we lay in the trampled mire;
 Shells burst above us, and right before us
 A rebel battery belched forth fire.
 All at once to the front our colonel galloped,
 His form through the smoke looking dim and
 large;
 "You see that battery, boys," he shouted,
 "We're ordered to take it. Ready! Charge!"

3. What a thrill I felt as the word was given!
 At once to his feet each soldier leapt,
 One long, wild shout went up to heaven,
 Then down on the foe like the wind we swept.
 Each fought that day for his country's honor;
 We gained the edge of a slippery bank,
 I drove from his post a rebel gunner,
 And then — the rest is a perfect blank.

4. What need to tell of the days that followed,
 Each dragging painfully, slowly by,
 Till wearied out by my constant pleading,
 They sent me home, as they thought, to die.
 My sire was dead, and my own loved mother
 Was wasting away with toil and care,
 I'd a little sister and feeble brother,
 And I — I could be but a burden there.

5. And so this peddler's trunk I bought me,
 Filled it with needles, pins, tape, and thread,
 Housewives' stores, as my mother taught me,
 And I sell them to win my daily bread.
 When the frost on the fields lies still and hoary,
 My way through the village streets I take,
 My empty coat sleeve tells its story,
 And they're kind to me for the old flag's sake.
6. It was not regret that made me falter,
 Nor sorrow that made my eye grow dim;
 I offered all on my country's altar,
 And she was pleased to accept a limb.
 Maimed, but yet to regrets a stranger,
 The thought that gives me the keenest pain
 Is this: Were my country once more in danger
 I never could fight in her ranks again.

— NANCY A. W. WAKEFIELD.

LXV. THE INEQUALITIES OF FORTUNE

1. This is an abstract subject, my little friends,
 if you look at it simply as a subject; but the things
 which the words stand for are things which most of
 you have doubtless seen and felt, and, I fear, mourned
 and wondered over. At least I have known so
 many young people disturbed by the difference

between their own lot and that of others, that I have thought a little talk about it might be useful to all our young folks.

2. In the first place, little friends, let us accept the facts as they are. The leg of an old bedstead is not so good to bat a ball with as a real bat, broad where the ball is to be hit, and narrow and slender where you are to take hold of it; and if your well-shaped bat is also polished and carved and marked with your name in gay letters, why, it may not win you the game, but it is prettier to look at and easier to keep.

3. You, little girls, love to adorn yourselves with whimsical devices. You delight in stabbing your hair with long pins, whose great, round white heads your envious brothers tease you by calling eggs and cannon-balls. You fasten white beads around your necks, with red, white, and blue streamers fluttering behind you, "a large cloth-yerde and more." All right, young people, stream away as much as you like. Your brothers will soon get tired of teasing you, and doubtless you can find something equally absurd to tease them about. Nothing is more harmless than beads and bows.

4. I regret that there are some little girls who can only look with wistful eyes at the fluttering ribbons of their friends, without hope of attaining any

such delights themselves. Not that I think they would be more beautiful with them than without them—but I like to see children have what they want when their wants are innocent. Here is a little boy who read the prospectus of the new magazine for young people and scarcely gave it a thought. He knew he could have it by saying a word; his mother would be only too glad at the slightest symptom that he was developing a taste for reading.

5. Another boy lay awake nights trying to think whether there could be any hope of his subscribing for it, and considers himself very happy in clubbing with three other boys, all taking it together. He does not mind that he gets it a week after it is out, and slightly battered at that. When a little girl who wears calico and walks to church is playing with a little girl who wears silk and rides in her carriage, and a third little girl comes by and invites the latter into her garden and says nothing to the former, the poor little girl in calico feels slighted and unhappy, and it is quite natural she should.

6. But, little friends, be comforted. You who see the fashions come and go, and are not able to follow them, you who cannot get “a quarter” just for the asking, you whose clothes are a little faded, and perhaps patched here and there, you who see the toys and the candies in the hands of other children and

not in yours, you who live in the plain, small, and perhaps unattractive houses, let not your hearts be troubled. There are many reasons why they need not be, some of which you can understand and some you cannot. I will begin with one that you cannot understand, and you must simply take my word for it.

7. You should not be troubled, because, although you may miss many good things, you can always have the best things. Character is of more consequence than clothes. If you are a gentle little girl, if you speak in soft, pleasant tones, if you are kindly in your acts and generous in your feelings towards all, whether they are dressed better or worse than you, if you are respectful to your elders, and especially to your parents, if you are truthful and obedient, and do not talk when there is company — why, it is not of the smallest consequence whether you have a ribbon tied around your neck or not.

8. If you are a brave, honest, manly boy — if you are polite to your mother, and take good care of your sisters — if you scorn a meanness, and are not afraid to apologize when you have, in a passion, said or done a wrong thing — then you may consider yourself extremely well off in the world, although you have no pony, and are rather bashful, and must work when other boys are at play, and your jacket is short-waisted.

9. Every good thing I have mentioned you may possess, whether you are rich or poor. If you have not these things, riches will do you no good, and if you have them, poverty will do you no hurt. I mean, if a girl is rough in speech and coarse in manners, she will be disagreeable to all those whose good opinion is worth having, even though she wear a new hat every day with feathers floating all over it; and a well-bred boy will be liked and favored and helped on in the world, whether he wear broadcloth or blue overalls. This is not merely what the books say, but it is true in life.

10. Let me tell you a short story to illustrate another reason.

Two boys living next door to each other were playmates and friends. Henry's father was rich, and Robert's father was poor. Robert often used to wonder in his own mind why it was that Henry should have so many fine things and himself so few. When Henry rode by on his pony, Robert had hard work not to feel envious and unhappy. Time passed on, and Robert left his native city. He had been a good boy, and he became a good man and a learned man and a rich man. He drove his own horses, and lived in a handsome house, and associated with the best people.

11. One day he was walking along the beach

during a short visit at home, and he met a man whom he half recollected, and who half recollected him. "Is this Henry?" "Is this Robert?" And very glad they were to see each other.

"And how goes the world with you?" asked Robert.

"Miserably enough," replied Henry, sadly. "I am a pauper!"

12. Robert was shocked, and hardly knew what to say, but Henry went on frankly: "You had nothing but your energies to rely on. You went abroad, and have made yourself a name and a fortune. I had plenty of money. My friends were unwilling to have me leave them. I had no genius to impel me from within, and no necessity to force me from without. I led an aimless, useless life. I fell into extravagance from sheer listlessness. I was too lazy to *rush* into anything. I had barely sense enough left to see that my property was disappearing while there was yet a pittance remaining. Then I turned upon my steps, took care of the rest, and am now subsisting upon it, with no hope in this life and but little interest in the next."

13. And yet, dear children, this boy gave apparently as fair promise as the other. And now I give you the second reason why you should not be overmuch troubled if you are poor: That poverty seems

to be favorable to the best mental and moral training of a vast majority of persons. Remember that this is not universally true. Many who are the sons and daughters of rich men are eminently fit for you to follow, by the grace of their manners, the wisdom of their minds, and the goodness of their hearts. The beauty of their daily life cannot be surpassed. But I think you will find that a large majority of those who are eminent for their talents, their virtues, and their usefulness, were not born in costly houses, did not wear rich clothes in their childhood, and were not provided with numerous servants, elegant carriages, and expensive toys.

14. Let me tell you also another thing. Your standing in the world is not going to be affected by these things. You will be appreciated when you are grown up according to what you are, and not according to what you have. Does your school-mate slight you now because you dress plainly and have little money to spend? He is a silly child for doing it, and you are a silly child for minding it, though we do not blame either of you a great deal, because we do not expect children to be very wise. But when you shall be grown up, the time for such things will have gone by. No gentleman or lady will slight you for not possessing those things which are not essential to a gentleman or lady, and it is

impossible to be slighted by any one else. When you are grown up, we expect you to know this, and if you could find a little comfort in it now I should be very glad.

15. Above all things, my little friends, do not be envious. Be as willing to see good traits in your rich companions as in your poor ones. Because your schoolmate comes with a new dress every week, do not try to make out that she is proud. Because a boy has a pony, do not insist that he tells lies. Be just and generous towards rich and poor. Think the best you can of every one, make the most of everything you do possess, enjoy the pretty things which your friends have, even though you cannot get them yourself, and you will be as happy and contented as if you owned all the silkworms and ponies in the world.

— GAIL HAMILTON.

LXVI. CONCORD

1. By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
 Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
 Here once the embattled farmers stood,
 And fired the shot heard round the world.
2. The foe long since in silence slept;
 Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;

And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

3. On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.
4. Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

— RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

LXVII. THE PERSEVERING ANT

1. Timur, the warlike emir of Turkestan, was once hiding from his enemies in a ruined building.

2. Thinking of the evil chances of war and the dangers that surrounded him, he fell to watching an ant at its work.

3. The brave little insect was trying to carry a grain of wheat up the wall to some hiding place above, where its tribe had made their home.

4. It became very interesting to watch the ant at this heavy task, for the grain of wheat was larger than the ant's body.

5. Again and again the burden fell from its



" By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

grasp. Again and again the ant descended and made a fresh start, holding the grain with its strong jaws and tugging it upward as best it could.

6. Timur counted the times that the ant thus returned for its load. He counted sixty-nine, and expected presently to say, "Seventy!"

7. But the seventieth time the ant, having got a better hold of the corn, and being more determined than ever by reason of its many failures, actually succeeded in its effort. The corn was carried successfully to the ant's home in the wall, and fell down no more.

8. "Wonderful little creature!" thought Timur, "not to be discouraged though the task was so difficult. Neither will I be discouraged. I will see no obstacle and fear no danger. I will conquer, whatever the odds may be against me!"

9. And he went forth so full of courage that all gave way before him. In time he vanquished all his enemies.

— *Retold.*

There is no American boy, however poor, however humble, orphan though he may be, that, if he have a clear head, a true heart, a strong arm, may not rise through all the grades of society and become the crown, the glory, the pillar of the state.

— JAMES A. GARFIELD.

LXVIII. THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE

1. Come, let us plant the apple tree !
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade ;
Wide let its hollow bed be made ;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mold with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle sheet ;
So plant we the apple tree.
2. What plant we in this apple tree ?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays ;
Boughs, where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest ;
We plant upon the sunny lea
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple tree.
3. What plant we in this apple tree ?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May wind's restless wings,
When from the orchard row he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors ;

A world of blossoms for the bee,
 Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
 For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
 We plant with the apple tree.

4. What plant we in this apple tree?
 Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
 And redden in the August noon,
 And drop when the gentle airs come by,
 That fan the blue September sky,
 While children come, with cries of glee,
 And seek them where the fragrant grass
 Betrays their bed to those who pass
 At the foot of the apple tree.
5. And when above this apple tree,
 The winter stars are quivering bright,
 And winds go howling through the night,
 Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
 Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth ;
 And guests in prouder homes shall see,
 Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine,
 And golden orange of the line,
 The fruit of the apple tree.
6. The fruitage of this apple tree
 Winds and our flag of stripe and star
 Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,

Where men shall wonder at the view
 And ask in what fair groves they grew;
 And sojourners beyond the sea
 Shall think of childhood's careless day,
 And long, long hours of summer play,
 In the shade of the apple tree.

7. Each year shall give this apple tree
 A broader flush of roseate bloom,
 A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
 And loosen, when the frost clouds lower,
 The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.
 The years shall come and pass, but we
 Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
 The summer's song, the autumn's sigh,
 In the boughs of the apple tree.
8. And time shall waste this apple tree.
 Oh! when its aged branches throw
 Their shadows on the world below,
 Shall fraud and force and iron will
 Oppress the weak and helpless still?
 What shall the task of mercy be,
 Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
 Of those who live when length of years
 Is wasting this apple tree?
9. "Who planted this old apple tree?"
 The children of that distant day

Thus to some aged man shall say;
 And, gazing on its mossy stem,
 The gray-haired man shall answer them :
 " A poet of the land was he,
 Born in the rude but good old times ;
 'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
 On planting the apple tree."

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

LXIX. A NIGHT ON THE MISSISSIPPI

1. I was nearly sixteen years old when I made my first trip down the Mississippi River. Father had a good crop of early spring vegetables, and my elder brother James and I were eager to carry them to market. Father owned a large raft, which he and James had made with their own hands, and we were sure that we could take care of ourselves and the produce too.

2. So at last father gave his consent. He built a cabin near one end of the raft, where we could stay when it rained or when the sun was too hot. The floor of the cabin was six or seven inches above the deck of the raft, and here we could keep our clothes and blankets and the food for our journey. At one side of the cabin we made a layer of dirt about five or six inches deep, with a frame around

it to hold it in place. Then with some bricks and clay we built a small fireplace. Here we could have a fire if the weather were wet or chilly.

3. James made some extra steering oars, for it was easy to break one, if the raft went over a snag; and we rigged up a forked stick, on which we hung our lantern. We had to carry a light, of course, or the steamboats on the river would have run us down.

4. The river was still high after the June rise, and the lowest banks were a little under water.

5. "There won't be much danger from the upstream boats," said father, when he came down to see us off. "They'll make for the smooth water alongshore. But keep your eyes and your ears open for the boats that are going your way. Good-by, boys, and good luck!"

6. I stood up and waved to him as long as I could see him, but a curve in the river soon hid him from sight. The current was running more than four miles an hour, and I was astonished to see how the familiar shores slipped away from us. In a big bend on the Illinois side there was an island where we had often gone for picnics and good times. The sand bar at its head was quite under water, and the tree trunks stood up out of the river, straight and black, as if they, too, were floating downstream on a voyage of discovery.

7. I am sure that Columbus sailing out into the trackless sea was not more convinced of the greatness of his task than was I, as I took my turn at the steering oar to let James eat his dinner. The unwieldy raft yielded itself to my guidance, and for the mere fun of it I kept its course a winding one for the next half hour.

8. The river was full of driftwood coming down, and all sorts of queer things might be seen. A straw bed with an old tin coffee pot upon it came floating along beside us. Once a hungry rabbit ran across a broken tree trunk to the raft, and I gave him a handful of lettuce as I would have fed a pet lamb. As soon as he had eaten it, all his shyness came back to him, and he raced off again to the farther end of his log, where he sat and watched us for a long time.

9. As the shadows grew longer I began to feel drowsy. The soft air fanned me gently, and the lap of the water against the timbers of the raft was very soothing. Before I knew it I was fast asleep. When I woke I had, at first, no idea where I was. The moon was shining and the river looked as if it were miles wide. We were near the Illinois shore, in the quiet water under the bank, and across the gleaming sheet of silver I could see the high bluffs on the Missouri side.

10. I heard a sound of voices and saw that James was talking to a man in hunting costume, who had come aboard to share our supper and to tell us the news. The raft was made fast to a tow-head—a sand bar covered with cottonwood trees—and the stranger's skiff lay alongside. On the black hill-sides behind us I could see a few gleaming lights, but there was stillness everywhere, except for an occasional "kerchug" from some wakeful bullfrog. We seemed to have the whole river to ourselves.

11. The hunter was telling stories of his life in the wilderness, then not very far away from us, and I listened with infinite wonder and delight. Occasionally we saw a steamboat going up or down the river. Now and then she would send up a shower of sparks, which rained down into the river again and made the moonlight look pale. Then a bend of the stream would shut out her lights, and after a long time her waves would reach us, rocking the raft up and down in the most delightful fashion.

12. I was no longer sleepy, and the charm of a new experience kept me awake for the greater part of the night. The people on shore went to bed, the lights winked out, our new friend and James were presently sound asleep; but I lay and watched for the coming of the early dawn.

13. First, looking away over the water, I could

see a dull, dark line : that was the wooded shore of the other side. The birds twittered softly in the trees close at hand. Then there came a faint, pale light in the sky ; then the river softened from black to gray, and far out I could see small, dusky spots drifting along.

14. Sometimes there was a long, black line, and I knew it to be a raft like ours, only much larger and heavier. Once and again I heard voices and a sweep creaking. Then a streak on the water showed where a snag lay hidden beneath, ready to catch and snap some luckless oar. By and by the mist drew itself up from the river in fleecy twists and swirls, the east began to redden, a breeze sprang up, and lines of smoke rose from the hillside behind us. At last the full day broke, and everything smiled in the sunshine.

15. Far off a raft glided by. A man on it was chopping wood. I lay on a pile of blankets, my head pillowed on my arm, watching the ax flash and come down. An instant later it would be lifted for another stroke — still no sound — and then, as the ax was poised above the man's head, the ring of the first stroke would reach my listening ears. As I watched, my eyelids grew heavier and heavier.

16. "Come, come, lad!" said James, shaking me good-humoredly. "The bacon is ready to eat, and

it's time we were moving. We shall never get there if you are going to sleep all day."

17. I sat up with a start and rubbed my eyes. The hunter's skiff was gone, the sun was high in the heavens, and the fried bacon sent forth a savory invitation to breakfast. My first night on the Mississippi was over.

— *Selected.*

LXX. COURAGE

1. Courage! — Nothing can withstand
 Long a wronged, undaunted land,
 If the hearts within her be
 True unto themselves and thee,
 Thou freed giant, Liberty!
 Oh, no mountain-nymph art thou
 When the helm is on thy brow,
 And the sword is in thy hand,
 Fighting for thine own good land.
2. Courage! — Nothing e'er withstood
 Freeman fighting for their good;
 Armed with all their fathers' fame,
 They will win and wear a name
 That shall go to endless glory,
 Like the gods of old Greek story,
 Raised to Heaven and heavenly worth,
 For the good they gave to earth.

3. Courage! — There is none so poor,
None of all who wrong endure,
None so humble, none so weak,
But may flush his father's cheek,
And his maiden's, dear and true,
With the deeds that he may do.
Be his days as dark as night,
He may make himself a light.
What though sunken be his sun?
There are stars when day is done!
4. Courage! — Who will be a slave,
That hath strength to dig a grave,
And therein his fetters hide,
And lay a tyrant by his side?
Courage! — Hope, howe'er he fly
For a time, can never die!
Courage, therefore, brother men!
Courage! — To the fight again!

— B. W. PROCTER.

LXXI. THOUGHTS SHOULD BE FIT TO BE SEEN

One day a lady and her daughter called upon Lucy's mother, and sat with her an hour or more, conversing on various subjects. Lucy's age was not such as to make it proper for her to take part

in the conversation. She sat sometimes listening to what passed, and sometimes making silent observations on the dress or manners of her mother's visitors. After they took leave, she began the following conversation: —

Lucy. What a good thing it is that people cannot see one's thoughts!

Mother. It would be inconvenient, sometimes, if they could.

Lucy. Oh, worse than inconvenient! To-day, for instance, I would not have had Mrs. and Miss Gray know what I was thinking of for all the world.

Mother. Indeed! Pray may I know what it might be?

Lucy. Oh, yes, mamma, you may; it was no real harm. I was only thinking what an odd, disagreeable-looking woman Mrs. Gray was, and what a tiresome way she had of telling long stories; and that Miss Gray was the vainest girl I ever saw. I could see all the time she was thinking of nothing but her beauty, and —

Mother. Come, come, no more of this! I have heard quite enough.

Lucy. Well, mamma, but only do suppose they could have known what I was thinking of!

Mother. Well, and what then do you suppose?

Lucy. Why, in the first place, I dare say they

would have thought me an impertinent, disagreeable little girl.

Mother. I dare say they would.

Lucy. So what a good thing it is that people cannot see one's thoughts! Is it not?

Mother. I rather think it does not make so much difference as you imagine.

Lucy. Dear me, I think it must make a great deal of difference.

Mother. Did you not say just now that Miss Gray was a vain girl, and that she thought a great deal of her beauty?

Lucy. Yes, and so she does, I am certain.

Mother. Pray, my dear, who told you so?

Lucy. Nobody; I found it out myself.

Mother. But how did you find it out, Lucy?

Lucy. Why, mamma, I could see it, as plain as could be.

Mother. So, then, if you could have looked into her heart, and had seen her think to herself, "What a beauty I am! I hope they admire me," it would have made no alteration in your opinion of her.

Lucy. No, mamma: only have confirmed me in what I thought before.

Mother. Then what advantage was it to her that you could not see her thoughts?

Lucy (hesitatingly). Not much to her, certainly,

—just then, at least; not to such a vain-looking girl as she is.

Mother. What do you suppose gives her that vain look?

Lucy. Being so pretty, I suppose.

Mother. No; think again. I have seen many faces as pretty as hers that did not look at all vain.

Lucy. True; so have I. Then it must be from her thinking so much about her beauty.

Mother. Right. If Miss Gray has a vain expression in her countenance, or whoever has such an expression, this must be the cause. Now we have come to the conclusion I expected, and I have proved my point.

Lucy. What point, mamma?

Mother. That the thoughts—at least our habits of thought—so greatly influence the conduct, manners, and appearance, that our secret weaknesses are betrayed to all discerning eyes.

Lucy. But surely there are some people so deep and artful that nobody can possibly guess what passes in their minds? Not that I wish to be such a one.

Mother. They may, and do indeed, often succeed in deceiving others in particular instances, but they cannot conceal their true characters. Every one knows that they are deep and artful, and therefore

their grand purpose is defeated; they are neither esteemed nor trusted.

Lucy. But still, mamma, to-day, for instance, do you really suppose that Mrs. and Miss Gray had any idea of the opinion I formed of them?

Mother. Indeed, my dear, I dare say Mrs. and Miss Gray did not take the trouble to think about you or your opinions; but supposing they had chanced to observe you, I think most likely they would have formed an unfavorable idea.

Lucy. Why so, mamma?

Mother. Let us suppose that any other young girl of your own age had been present, and that, while you were making your ill-natured observations on these ladies, your companion had been listening with sympathy and kindness to the account Mrs. Gray was giving of her troubles and complaints, and wishing she could relieve or assist her. Do you not imagine that in this case the tone of her voice, the expression of her countenance, would have been more gentle and kind and agreeable than yours? And do you not think that these ladies, if they had taken the trouble, could have discerned the difference?

Lucy. I dare say they would have liked her much better.

Mother. Doubtless. But suppose, instead of this

being a single instance — as I would hope it is — suppose you were in the habit of making such impertinent observations, and of forming these uncharitable opinions of everybody that came in your way?

Lucy. Then I should get a sharp, satirical look, and everybody would dislike me.

Mother. Yes, as certainly as if you thought aloud.

Lucy. Then what is one to do, mother?

Mother. Nothing can be plainer: there is but one way for us, if we desire the esteem of others: Let our thoughts be always *fit to be seen*; let them be such as to impart to our countenance, our manners, our conduct, that which is generous, candid, just, and amiable.

— JANE TAYLOR.

LXXII. THE BLIND SPINNER

1. Like a blind spinner, in the sun,
 I tread my days.
 I know that all the threads will run
 Appointed ways.
 I know each day will bring its task,
 And, being blind, no more I ask.
2. I do not know the use or name
 Of that I spin.

I only know that some one came
 And laid within
 My hand the thread, and said, "Since you
 Are blind, but one thing you can do."

3. Sometimes the threads so rough and fast
 And tangled fly,
 I know wild storms are sweeping past,
 And fear that I
 Shall fall; but dare not try to find
 A safer place, since I am blind.
4. I know not why, but I am sure
 That tint and place
 In some great fabric, to endure
 Past time and race,
 My threads will weave; so from the first,
 Though blind, I never felt accursed.
5. I think perhaps this trust has sprung
 From one short word
 Said over me when I was young;
 So young, I heard
 It, knowing not that God's name signed
 My brow, and sealed me His, though blind.
6. But whether this be seal or sign
 Within, without,

It matters not. The bond divine
 I never doubt.
 I know He set me here, and still
 And glad and blind, I wait His will.

7. I listen, listen, day by day,
 To hear their tread
 Who bear the finished web away,
 And cut the thread,
 And bring God's message in the sun,
 "Thou poor, blind spinner, work is done."

— HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

LXXIII. FRANKLIN'S BOYHOOD

1. I was born in Boston, Mass., January 17, 1706. My elder brothers were all put apprentices to different trades. I was put to the grammar school at eight years of age. I soon learned to write a good hand; but failed entirely in arithmetic.

2. At ten years old I was taken to help my father in his business, which was that of a tallow chandler and soap boiler. Accordingly, I was employed in cutting wicks for the candles, filling the molds for candles, attending the shop, and going errands. I disliked the trade, and had a strong inclination to go to sea; but my father declared against it.

3. But, residing near the water, I was much in it and on it. I learned to swim well and to manage boats. When embarked with other boys, I was commonly allowed to govern; and on other occasions I was generally the leader among the boys, and sometimes led them into scrapes. One of these I will mention, as it shows an early public spirit, though not then justly conducted.

4. There was a salt marsh which bounded part of the mill pond, on the edge of which, at high water, we used to stand to fish for minnows. By much tramping we had made it a mere quagmire. My proposal was to build a wharf there for us to stand upon, and I showed my comrades a large heap of stones, which were intended for a new house near the marsh, and which would very well suit our purpose.

5. Accordingly in the evening, when the workmen were gone home, I assembled a number of my playfellows, and we worked diligently like so many emmets, sometimes two or three to a stone, till we brought them all to make our little wharf.

6. The next morning the workmen were surprised at missing the stones which formed our wharf. Inquiry was made after the authors of this transfer; we were discovered, complained of, and corrected by our fathers. Though I demonstrated the utility of

our work, mine convinced me that *that which was not honest could not be truly useful.*

7. I continued employed in my father's business for two years, that is, till I was twelve years old. But my dislike to the trade continuing, my father took me to walk with him.

8. We saw joiners, bricklayers, and other mechanics at their work. My father wished to observe my inclination, and to fix it on some trade or profession that would keep me on land. It has ever since been a pleasure to me to see good workmen handle their tools.

9. From my infancy I was passionately fond of reading, and all the money that came into my hands was laid out in purchasing books. This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, though he had already one son, James, of that profession.

10. In 1717, my brother James returned from England with a press and letters to set up his business in Boston. I liked it much better than that of my father, but still had a hankering for the sea. In a little time I made great progress in the business, and became a useful hand to my brother.

11. I now had access to better books. An acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small one, which I

was careful to return soon, and clean. Often I sat up in my chamber reading the greatest part of the night, when the book was borrowed in the evening and to be returned in the morning.

12. As prose writing has been of great use to me in the course of my life, and was a principal means of my advancement, I shall tell you how I acquired what little ability I may be supposed to have in that way.

13. About this time, I met with an odd volume of the "Spectator."¹ I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished if possible to imitate it.

14. With that in view, I took some of the papers, and making short hints of the sentiments in each sentence, laid them by a few days. Then, without looking at the book, I tried to complete the papers again. I tried to express each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should occur to me.

15. Then I compared my "Spectator" with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a

¹ "Spectator," a series of famous articles published in England by Joseph Addison and Richard Steele.

readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have had before this time if I had gone on making verses. Therefore, I took some of the tales in the "Spectator," and turned them into verse. After a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, I turned them back again.

16. I also sometimes jumbled my collection of hints into confusion, and, after some weeks, endeavored to reduce them into the best order before I began to form the full sentences and complete the subject. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of the thought.

17. The time I allotted for writing exercises and for reading was at night, or before work began in the morning. Now it was that, being on some occasion made ashamed of my ignorance in figures, which I had twice failed learning when at school, I took a book on arithmetic, and went through the whole by myself with the greatest ease.

18. My brother had, in 1720 or 1721, begun to print a newspaper. It was the second that appeared in America, and was called the *New England Courant*. I was employed to carry the papers to the customers, after having worked in composing the types, and printing off the sheets.

19. My brother had some ingenious men among his friends, who amused themselves by writing little

pieces for this paper, which gained it credit and made it more in demand. These gentlemen often visited us, and, hearing their conversation, I was excited to try my hand among them.

20. But, being still a boy, and suspecting that my brother would object to printing anything of mine in his paper, if he knew it to be mine, I disguised my hand. I wrote an anonymous paper and put it at night under the door of the printing house. It was found in the morning, and communicated to his friends when they called in as usual. They read it in my hearing, and I had the exquisite pleasure of finding it met with their approbation.

21. I suppose that I was rather lucky in my judges, and that they were not really so very good as I believed them to be. Encouraged by this attempt, I wrote and sent in the same way to the press several other pieces that were equally approved.

— BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

LXXIV. DORRIS' SPINNING

1. She sat at the upper chamber, — 'twas a summer
of long ago, —
And looked through the gable window at the river
that ran below,

And over the quiet pastures, and up at the wide
 blue sky,
 And envied the jay his freedom, as he lazily
 flitted by.

2. Yet patiently at her spinning, in a halo of happy
 light,
 She wrought, though a shimmer was rippling o'er
 the bending wheat in sight, —
 Though the rose and magnolia were yielding their
 fragrance from every spray,
 And the hollyhocks at the doorway had never
 looked half so gay.

3. She saw, as her wheel kept whirling, the leisure
 of Nature, too;
 The beautiful holiday weather left nothing for her
 to do:
 The cattle were idly grazing, and even the frisky
 sheep,
 Away in the distant meadows, lay under the shade
 asleep.

4. So sitting, she heard sweet laughter, and a bevy
 of maidens fair,
 With babble of merry voices, came climbing the
 chamber stair.



" . . . PATIENTLY AT HER SPINNING, IN A HALO OF HAPPY LIGHT."

“O Dorris! how can you bear it, to drone at your spinning here?

Why, girl! it's the heart of summer, the goldenest time of the year!

5. “Put out of your hand the distaff, this wearisome whirl relax;

There are things that are gayer, Dorris, than sitting and spinning flax.

Come with us away to the forest; when it rains is the time to ply

Such tiresome tasks — and to-day is the rarest of all July!”

6. With a face that was softly saddened, sweet Dorris looked up and said,

As she raveled a bit of tangle, and twisted again her thread:

“Nay, nay, I must do my spinning! it wouldn't be kind or right

That the loom should be kept a-waiting; my hanks must be done to-night.

7. “Aye, surely, the day *is* lovely! and it goes to my very heart

To look at its drifting beauty, nor share in its joy my part.

I may not go forth to meet it, but the summer is
 kind, you see,
 And I think, as I sit at my spinning — I think
 it will come to me!"

8. So the frolicsome maidens left her, with some-
 thing of mild surprise
 That Dorris should choose a duty, with pleasure
 before her eyes ;
 Not dreaming that when her mother her "dozens"
 should count upstairs,
 And kiss her, and say, "*My darling!*" her day
 would be glad as theirs.

9. So she minded her wheel, and blithely she sang
 as she twirled it round,
 And cunningly from her fingers the delicate fiber
 wound ;
 And on through the sunny hours, that neither
 were sad nor long,
 She toiled in her sweet obedience, and lightened
 her toil with song.

— MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

— FRANKLIN.

LXXV. A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP

1. Noon by the north clock! noon by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly we public characters have a rough time of it! and among all the public characters chosen at the March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed in perpetuity upon the Town Pump?

2. The title of "town treasurer" is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians of the board of health.

3. As a keeper of the peace, all water drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating public notices when they are pasted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post.

4. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for all day long I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike; and at night I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am and to keep people out of the gutters.

5. At this sultry noontide I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dramseller on the mall at muster day, I cry aloud to all and sundry in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice, "Here it is, gentlemen! here is the good liquor! Walk up — walk up, gentlemen! walk up! walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the undulterated ale of Father Adam — better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price. Here it is by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up! walk up, and help yourselves!"

6. It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come! A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat! You, my friend, will need another cupful, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see you have trudged half a score of miles to-day, and, like a wise man, have passed by

the taverns and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burned to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jellyfish! Drink, and make room for that other fellow who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine.

7. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers hitherto; nor, to express the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! the water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dramshop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-by, and whenever you are thirsty remember that I keep a constant supply at the old stand.

8. Who next?—Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school and come hither to scrub your blooming face and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule and other schoolboy troubles in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as

the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child! put down the cup and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the stones that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them.

9. What! He limps by without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine cellars. Well, well, sir! no harm done, I hope! Go, draw the cork, tip the decanter; but when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump.

10. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

11. Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends; and while my spout has a moment's leisure I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences.

12. In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth in the very spot where you behold me on the sunny pavement. The water was as

clear and bright, and deemed as precious, as liquid diamonds. The Indian Sagamores drank of it from time immemorial, till the fearful deluge of fire water burst upon the red men and swept the whole race away from the cold fountains. Endicott and his followers came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards into the spring. The richest goblet then was of birch bark.

13. Governor Winthrop drank here, out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child. For many years it was the watering place, and, as it were, the washbowl of the vicinity, whither all decent folks resorted to purify their visages, and gaze at them afterward—at least the pretty maidens did—in the mirror which it made.

14. On Sabbath days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his basin here and placed it on the communion table of the humble meeting-house which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one. Thus one generation after another was consecrated to Heaven by its waters, and cast its waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth as if mortal life were but a flitting image in a fountain. Finally, the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides, and cartloads of gravel flung upon its

source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud puddle at the corner of two streets.

15. In the hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birthplace of the waters, now their grave. But in the course of time a Town Pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and, when the first decayed, another took its place, and then another, and still another, till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you, with my iron goblet. Drink, and be refreshed!

16. The water is pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red Sagamore beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story that, as the wasted and long-lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your fathers' days, be recognized by all.

17. Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence and spout forth a stream of water to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the watermark on

the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in with sighs of calm enjoyment. How they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking vessel. An ox is your true toper.

— NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

LXXVI. THE SHIPBUILDERS

1. The sky is ruddy in the east,
 The earth is gray below,
 And, spectral in the river mist,
 The ship's white timbers show.
 Then let the sounds of measured stroke
 And grating saw begin;
 The broadax to the gnarlèd oak,
 The mallet to the pin!

2. Hark! roars the bellows, blast on blast,
 The sooty smithy jars,
 And fire sparks, rising far and fast,
 Are fading with the stars.
 All day for us the smith shall stand
 Beside that flashing forge;
 All day for us his heavy hand
 The groaning anvil scourge.

3. From far-off hills, the panting team
For us is toiling near;
For us the raftsmen down the stream
Their island barges steer.
Rings out for us the axman's stroke
In forests old and still —
For us the century-circled oak
Falls crashing down his hill.
4. Up! up! in nobler toil than ours
No craftsmen bear a part:
We make of Nature's giant powers
The slaves of human Art.
Lay rib to rib, and beam to beam.
And drive the treenails free;
Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam
Shall tempt the searching sea!
5. Where'er the keel of our good ship
The sea's rough field shall plow,
Where'er her tossing spars shall drip
With salt spray caught below,
That ship must heed her master's beck,
Her helm obey his hand,
And seamen tread her reeling deck
As if they trod the land.
6. Her oaken ribs the vulture beak
Of Northern ice may peel;



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THE LAUNCHING OF THE SHIP

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The sunken rock and coral peak
 May grate along her keel;
 And know we well the painted shell
 We give to wind and wave
 Must float, the sailor's citadel,
 Or sink, the sailor's grave!

7. Ho! strike away the bars and blocks,
 And set the good ship free!
 Why lingers on these dusty rocks
 The young bride of the sea?
 Look! how she moves adown the grooves,
 In graceful beauty now!
 How lowly on the breast she loves
 Sinks down her virgin prow!
8. God bless her! wheresoe'er the breeze
 Her snowy wing shall fan,
 Aside the frozen Hebrides,
 Or sultry Hindostan!
 Where'er in mart or on the main,
 With peaceful flag unfurled,
 She helps to wind the silken chain
 Of commerce round the world!
9. Be hers the prairie's golden grain,
 The desert's golden sand,
 The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,
 The spice of morning-land!

Her pathway on the open main
May blessings follow free,
And glad hearts welcome back again
Her white sails from the sea !

— JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

LXXVII. THE JAYS AND THE OWL

1. An observer of birds is attracted by any unusual sound or commotion among them. In May or June, when other birds are most vocal, the jay is a silent bird ; he goes sneaking about the orchards and the groves as silent as a pickpocket. He is robbing birds' nests, and he is very anxious that nothing should be said about it ; but in the fall, none so quick and loud to cry, " Thief, thief ! " as he.

2. One December morning a troop of them discovered a little screech owl secreted in the hollow trunk of an old apple tree, near my house. How they found the owl out is a mystery, since he never ventures forth in the light of day ; but they did find him, and proclaimed the fact with great emphasis.

3. I suspect the bluebirds first told them, for these birds are constantly peering into holes and crannies, both spring and fall. Some unsuspecting bird probably entered the cavity prospecting for a

place for next year's nest, or else looking out a likely place to pass a cold night, and, seeing the owl, rushed out with the important news.

4. A boy who should unwittingly venture into a bear's den, when Bruin was at home, could not be more astonished and alarmed than a bluebird would be on finding itself in the cavity of a decayed tree with an owl.

5. At any rate, the bluebirds joined the jays in calling the attention of all whom it might concern to the fact that a culprit of some sort was hiding from the light of day in the old apple tree. I heard the notes of warning and alarm, and approached within eyeshot.

6. The bluebirds were cautious, and hovered about uttering their peculiar twittering calls; but the jays were bolder, and took turns looking in at the cavity, and deriding the poor, shrinking owl. A jay would alight in the entrance of the hole, and flirt, and peer, and attitudinize, and then fly away, crying, "Thief, thief, thief!" at the top of his voice.

7. I climbed up and peered into the opening, and could just descry the owl clinging to the inside of the tree. I reached in and took him out, giving little heed to the threatening snapping of his beak. He was as red as a fox, and as yellow-eyed as a cat. He made no effort to escape, but planted his

claws in my forefinger, and clung there with a grip that soon grew uncomfortable.

8. I placed him in the loft of an outhouse, in hopes of getting better acquainted with him. By day he was a willing prisoner, scarcely moving at all, even when approached and touched with the hand, but looking out upon the world with half-closed, sleepy eyes. But at night what a change! how alert, how wild, how active! He was like another bird; he darted about with wide, fearful eyes, and regarded me like a cornered cat.

9. I opened the window, and swiftly, but as silent as a shadow, he glided out into the congenial darkness, and perhaps, ere this, has revenged himself upon the sleeping jay or bluebird that first betrayed his hiding place.

— JOHN BURROUGHS.

LXXVIII. THE FIRST FLOWERS

1. For ages on our river borders,
 These tassels in their tawny bloom,
 And willowy studs of downy silver,
 Have prophesied of spring to come.
2. For ages have the unbound waters
 Smiled on them from their pebbly hem,
 And the clear carol of the robin
 And song of bluebird welcomed them.

3. But never yet from smiling river,
Or song of early bird, have they
Been greeted with a gladder welcome
Than whispers from my heart to-day.

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

LXXIX. THE OLD OAK-TREE'S LAST DREAM

A CHRISTMAS TALE

1. There stood in the wood, high on a bank near the open seashore, such a splendid old Oak-tree! It was just three hundred and sixty-five years old; but all this length of years had seemed to the tree scarcely more than so many days appear to us men and women. A tree's life is not quite the same as a man's; we wake during the day, and sleep and dream during the night; but a tree wakes throughout three seasons of the year, and has no sleep till winter comes. The winter is its sleeping time — its night after the long day which we call spring, summer, and autumn.

2. Through many a warm summer day had the May-flies danced in light, innocent glee round his crown; and if for a moment one of the little creatures rested from its play on one of the large, fresh

oak leaves, the tree would say, "Poor little insect! only one day long is thy brief life! how sad that is!"

3. "Sad!" would the little May-fly then exclaim in wonder; "what meanest thou by 'sad'? Everything is so bright, so warm and beautiful, and I am so happy!"

4. "But only for one day, and then all is past for thee."

5. "Past?" repeated the May-fly. "What is 'past'? Art thou 'past,' too?"

6. "No; I shall live thousands, perhaps, of thy days, and my day lasts a whole year. But that is something so long, thou canst not reckon it."

7. "Well, then, I don't understand thee at all. Thou hast thousands of days, and I have thousands of moments to be happy and joyous. Will the beauty of this world cease when thou diest?"

8. "No," said the tree; "it will last longer, infinitely longer."

9. "Well, then, we are in the same case, only I reckon differently."

10. And the May-fly danced hither and thither, rejoiced over her fine, delicate wings, and reveled in the warm atmosphere, which was so perfumed with the delicious scents from the clover field and the wild roses, elders, and honeysuckles of the hedge,

not to speak of bluebells, cowslips, and wild thyme, that the little insect felt as it were intoxicated with sweet odors. The day was long, full of brightness, beauty, and joy, and by sunset the little May-fly felt wearied out with pleasant excitement. Her wings would bear her no longer; softly she glided down upon the cool, rocking blades of grass, nodded her little head, and slept the happy sleep of death.

11. "Poor little May-fly!" quoth the Oak-tree; "thine was too brief an existence!"

12. And every summer day recurred the same dance, the same argument, and the same peaceful falling asleep; it was repeated through whole generations of May-flies, all alike light-hearted and joyous.

13. The Oak-tree stood wide-awake during his spring morning, his summer noon, his autumnal evening; now it was nearly night; winter was drawing nigh. Already the storms were singing: "Good night, good night! there falls a leaf, there falls a leaf! we plucked it, we plucked it! Sleep soundly! we will sing thee to sleep! we will rock thee to sleep! we do no harm, we do the old boughs good; they crack, and rustle, and swing, all from pure pleasure. Sleep soundly, sleep soundly! it is thy three hundred and sixty-fifth night, but thou art as fresh as a sapling but a year old; sleep soundly!

The skies are dripping with snow — will shake a warm white coverlet over thy feet; sleep soundly, and dream pleasant dreams!"

14. And the Oak-tree stood stripped of all his foliage, ready to go to rest for the whole winter, and in it to dream many dreams — to dream of the past, just as men dream.

15. The tree had once been a little one, and had had a field for his cradle. Now, according to human reckoning, he was in his fourth century; he was the tallest and mightiest tree in the wood; his crown towered high above all the other trees, and was seen far out on the sea, serving as a beacon to ships; but the old Oak-tree had never thought how many eyes sought him out from afar. High up in his green crown wood doves had built their nests, and the cuckoo perched to announce spring; and in the autumn, when his leaves looked like copper plates hammered out thin, birds of passage came and rested awhile among the boughs, before they flew across the seas. But now it was winter; the tree stood leafless, and the bowed and crooked branches displayed their dark outlines; crows and jackdaws came alternately, gossiping together about hard times that were beginning, and the difficulty of getting food during the winter.

16. It was just at the holy Christmastide that

the Oak-tree dreamt his most beautiful dream; this dream we will hear.

17. The tree had a presentiment that a festive season was nigh; he seemed to hear the church bells ringing all round, and to feel as though it were a mild, warm summer day; fresh and green he reared his mighty crown on high, the sunbeams played among his leaves and boughs, the air was filled with fragrance, bright-colored butterflies gamboled, and gnats danced — which was all they could do to show their joy. And all that the tree had beheld during his life passed by as in a festive procession. Knights and ladies, with feathers in their caps, and hawks perching on their wrists, rode gayly through the wood, dogs barked, and the huntsman sounded his bugle. Then came foreign soldiers in bright armor and gay vestments, bearing spears and halberds, setting up their tents, and presently taking them down again; then watch fires blazed up, and bands of wild outlaws sang, reveled, and slept under the tree's outstretched boughs, or happy lovers met in the quiet moonlight, and carved their initials on the grayish bark. At one time a guitar, at another an Æolian harp, had been hung up amid the old oak's boughs, by merry traveling apprentices; now they hung there again, and the wind played so sweetly with the strings. The wood doves cooed,

as though they would do their best to express the tree's happy feelings, and the cuckoo talked about himself as usual, proclaiming how many summer days he had to live.

18. And now it seemed a new and stronger current of life flowed through him, down to his lowest roots, up to the highest twigs, even to the very leaves! the tree felt in his roots that a warm life stirred in the earth, felt his strength increase, and that he was growing taller and taller; his trunk shot up more and more, his crown grew fuller, he spread, he towered, and still as the tree grew he felt that his power grew with it, and that his ardent longing to advance higher and higher up to the bright, warm sun increased also.

19. Already had he towered above the clouds, which drifted below him, now like a troop of dark-plumaged birds of passage, now like flocks of large white swans.

20. And every leaf could see as though it had eyes; the stars became visible by daylight, so large and bright, each one sparkling like a mild, clear eye; they reminded him of dear, kind eyes that had sought each other under his shade.

21. It was a blessed moment! and yet, in the height of his joy, the Oak-tree felt a desire and longing that all the other trees, bushes, herbs, and

flowers of the wood might be lifted up with him, might share in this glory and gladness. The mighty Oak-tree, amid his dream of splendor, could not be fully blessed unless he might have all, little and great, to share it with him; and this feeling thrilled through boughs and leaves as strongly, as fervently, as though his were the heart of a man.

22. The tree's crown bowed itself, and, as though it missed and sought something, looked backward. Then he felt the fragrance of honeysuckles and violets, and fancied he could hear the cuckoo answering himself.

23. Yes, so it was! for now peeped forth, through the clouds, the green summits of the wood; the other trees below had grown and lifted themselves up likewise; bushes and herbs shot high into the air, some tearing themselves loose from their roots, and mounting all the faster. The birch had grown most rapidly; like a flash of white lightning, its slender stem shot upward, its boughs waving like pale green banners. Even the feathery brown reed had pierced its way through the clouds; and the birds followed and sang, and sang, and on the grass that fluttered to and fro like a long streaming green ribbon perched the grasshopper, and drummed with his wings on his lean body; the cockchafer hummed, and the bees buzzed; every

bird sang with all his might, and all was music and gladness.

24. "But the little blue flower near the water — I want that too," said the Oak-tree; "and the bell-flower, and the dear little daisy!" The tree wanted all these.

25. "We are here! we are here!" chanted sweet, low voices on all sides.

26. "But the pretty anemones of last spring, and the bed of lilies of the valley that blossomed the year before that! and the wild crab-apple tree! and all the beautiful trees and flowers that have adorned the wood through so many seasons — oh, would that they had lived till now!"

27. "We are here! we are here!" was the answer; and this time it seemed to come from the air above, as though they had fled upward first.

28. "Oh, this is too great happiness, it is almost incredible!" exclaimed the Oak-tree; "I have them all, small and great; not one of them is forgotten! How can such blessedness be possible?"

29. "In the kingdom of God all things are possible," was the answer.

30. And the tree now felt that his roots were loosening themselves from the earth. "This is best of all," he said; "now no bonds shall detain me, I can soar up to the height of light and glory; and

my dear ones are with me, small and great — I have them all ! ”

* * * * *

31. Such was the old Oak-tree's dream ; and all the while, on that holy Christmas Eve, a mighty storm swept over sea and land ; the ocean rolled its heavy billows on the shore, the tree cracked, was rent and torn up by the roots, at the very moment when he dreamt that his roots were disengaging themselves from the earth. He fell. His three hundred and sixty-five years were now as a day is to the May-fly.

32. On Christmas morning, when the sun burst forth, the storm was laid ; all the church bells were ringing joyously, and from every chimney, even the poorest, the blue smoke curled upward, as from the Druids' altar of old uprose the sacrificial steam. The sea was calm again, and a large vessel that had weathered the storm the night before now hoisted all its flags, in token of Yule festivity. “ The tree is gone,—the old Oak-tree, our beacon,” — said the crew ; “ it has fallen during last night's storm. How can its place ever be supplied ? ”

33. This was the tree's eulogium, brief but well meant. There he lay, outstretched upon the snowy carpet near the shore, whilst over it reëchoed the hymn sung on shipboard, the hymn sung in thanksgiving for the joy of Christmas.

— HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

LXXX. RED RIDING HOOD

1. On the wide lawn the snow lay deep,
Ridged o'er with many a drifted heap ;
The wind that through the pine trees sung
The naked elm boughs tossed and swung ;
While, through the window, frosty starred,
Against the sunset purple-barred,
We saw the somber crow flap by,
The hawk's gray fleck along the sky,
The crested blue jay flitting swift,
The squirrel poising on the drift,
Erect, alert, his broad, gray tail
Set to the north wind like a sail.

2. It came to pass, our little lass,
With flattened face against the glass,
And eyes in which the tender dew
Of pity shone, stood gazing through
The narrow space her rosy lips
Had melted from the frost's eclipse:
" Oh, see," she cried, " the poor blue jays !
What is it that the black crow says ?
The squirrel lifts his little legs
Because he has no hands, and begs ;
He's asking for my nuts, I know:
May I not feed them on the snow ? "

3. Half lost within her boots, her head
Warm-sheltered in her hood of red,
Her plaid skirt close about her drawn,
She floundered down the wintry lawn;
Now struggling through the misty veil
Blown round her by the shrieking gale;
Now sinking in a drift so low
Her scarlet hood could scarcely show
Its dash of color on the snow.
4. She dropped for bird and beast forlorn
Her little store of nuts and corn,
And thus her timid guests bespoke:
“Come, squirrel, from your hollow oak,
Come, black old crow, —
Come, poor blue jay,
Before your supper’s blown away!
Don’t be afraid, we all are good;
And I’m mamma’s Red Riding Hood!”
5. O Thou whose care is over all,
Who heedest even the sparrow’s fall,
Keep in the little maiden’s breast
The pity which is now its guest!
Let not her cultured years make less
The childhood charm of tenderness,
But let her feel as well as know,
Nor harder with her polish grow!

Unmoved by sentimental grief
 That wails along some printed leaf,
 But prompt with kindly word and deed
 To own the claims of all who need,
 Let the grown woman's self make good
 The promise of Red Riding Hood!

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

LXXXI. CHEERY PEOPLE

1. O the comfort of them! There is but one thing like them — that is sunshine. That the cheery people are brighter and better even than sunshine, is easily proved; for who has not seen a cheery person make a room and a day bright, in spite of the sun's not shining at all, in spite of clouds, and rain, and cold, all doing their very best to make it dismal?

2. The more you think of it, the more you see how wonderfully alike the two are. The sun on the fields makes things grow — fruits, flowers, and grains; the cheery person in the house makes everybody do his best — makes the one who can sing feel like singing, and the one who has an ugly, hard job of work to do feel like shouldering it bravely and having it over with. And the music and mirth

and work in the house, are they not like the flowers and fruits and grains in the field ?

3. The sun makes everybody glad. Even the animals run and leap, and seem more joyous when it shines; and no human being can be so cross-grained or so ill that he does not brighten up a little when a great, broad, warm sunbeam streams over him and plays on his face.

4. It is just so with a cheery person. His simple presence makes even animals happier. Dogs know the difference between him and a surly man. When he pats them on the head and speaks to them, they jump and gambol about just as they do in the sunshine.

5. And when he comes into the room where people are ill, or out of sorts, or dull and moping, they brighten up, in spite of themselves, just as they do when a sudden sunbeam pours in — only more so; for we often see people so ill they do not care whether the sun shines or not, or so cross that they do not even see whether the sun shines or not; but I have never yet seen anybody so cross or so ill that the voice and face of a cheery person would not make him brighten up a little.

6. If there were only a sure and certain recipe for making oneself a cheery person, how glad we should all be to try it! How thankful we should all

be to do good like sunshine! — to cheer up everybody and help everybody along! — to have everybody's face brighten the minute we come in sight! Why, it seems to me that there cannot be in this life any pleasure half so great as this would be.

7. If we looked at life only from a selfish point of view, it would be worth while to be a cheery person, merely because it would be such a satisfaction to have everybody so glad to live with us, to see us, even to meet us in the street.

8. People who have done things which have made them famous, such as winning great battles or filling high offices, often have what are called "ovations." Hundreds of people get together and form a procession, perhaps, or go into a great hall and make speeches, all to show that they recognize what the great man has done. After he is dead, they build a stone monument to him, perhaps, and celebrate his birthday.

9. Men work very hard, sometimes for a whole lifetime, to earn a few things of this sort. But how much greater a thing it would be to have every man, woman, and child know and love one's face because it is full of kindly good cheer! Such a one has a perpetual "ovation" year in and year out, whenever he walks in the street, whenever he enters a friend's house.

— HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

LXXXII. THE SUNBEAM

1. The golden sun goes gently down
Behind the western mountain brown :
One last bright ray is quivering still,
A crimson line along the hill,
And colors with a rosy light
The clouds far up in heaven's blue height.
2. How many scenes and sights to-day
Have basked beneath the selfsame ray,
Since first the glowing morning broke,
And larks sprang up and lambs awoke,
And fields, with glistening dewdrops bright,
Seemed changed to sheets of silver-white !
3. The ship that rushed before the gale
Has caught it on her bright'ning sail ;
The shepherd boy has watched it pass,
When shadows moved along the grass ;
The butterflies have loved it much ;
The flowers have opened to its touch.
4. How oft its light has pierced the gloom
Of some full city's garret room,
And glimmered through the chamber bare,
Till the poor workman toiling there
Has let his tools a moment fall,
To see it dance upon the wall !

5. Perhaps, some prisoner desolate
Has watched it through his iron grate,
And inly wondered as it fell
Across his low and narrow cell,
If things without — hill, sky, and tree —
Were lovely as they used to be.
6. Where'er its ray has broken in,
Have light, and heat, and brightness been.
So gentle love in godly heart
Doth help, and hope, and peace impart,
Nor turns away when griefs oppress ;
But ever shines, and shines to bless.
7. Go gently down, thou golden gleam :
And as I watch thy fading beam,
So let me learn, like thee, to give
Pleasure and blessing while I live ;
With kindly deed and smiling face,
A SUNBEAM in my lowly place.

— *Selected.*

LXXXIII. THE SPARROW

1. I walked up my garden path as I was coming
home from shooting. My dog ran on before me.
Suddenly he went slower, and crept carefully for-
ward as if he scented game.
2. I looked along the path and perceived a young

sparrow, with its downy head and yellow bill. The wind, blowing hard through the young birch trees beside the path, had shaken the nest, and the young bird had fallen out. It was sprawling motionless, helpless, on the ground, with its little wings outspread.

3. My dog crept softly up to it, when suddenly an old black-breasted sparrow threw himself down from a neighboring tree. He let himself fall like a stone directly under the dog's nose, and, with ruffled feathers, sprang with a terrified twitter several times against his open, threatening mouth.

4. He had flown down to protect his young at the risk of his life. His little body trembled all over, his cry was hoarse, he was almost frightened to death ; but he was willing to sacrifice himself.

5. The dog must have seemed to him a gigantic monster, but for all that he could not stay on his high, safe branch. A power stronger than himself drove him down. My dog stopped and drew back ; it seemed as if he, too, respected this power.

6. I hastened to call back the amazed dog, and reverently withdrew. Yes, don't laugh ! I felt a reverence for this little hero of a bird, with his parental love. Love, thought I, is mightier than fear, even the fear of death ; love alone inspires and is the life of all.

LXXXIV. VACATION SONG

1. Up! up! my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double :
Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?
2. The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening luster mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread
His first sweet evening yellow.
3. Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife :
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.
4. And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He too is no mean preacher;
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.
5. She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.
6. One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

7. Enough of science and of art;
 Close up these barren leaves :
 Come forth, and bring with you a heart
 That watches and receives.

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LXXXV. THE BOYHOOD OF GENERAL GRANT

1. I was born on the 27th of April, 1822, at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio. In the fall of 1823 we moved to Georgetown, the county seat. This place remained my home until, at the age of seventeen, in 1839, I went to West Point.

2. The schools at the time of which I write were very indifferent. There were no free schools, and none in which the scholars were classified. They were all supported by subscription; and a single teacher — who was often a man or woman incapable of teaching much, even if they imparted all they knew — would have thirty or forty scholars, male and female, from the infant learning the A B C's up to the young lady of eighteen and the boy of twenty, studying the highest branches taught — the three R's, "Reading, 'Riting, 'Rithmetic."

3. I never saw an algebra, or other mathematical work higher than the arithmetic, in Georgetown,

until after I was appointed to West Point. I then bought a work on algebra in Cincinnati; but as I had no teacher, it was Greek to me.

4. My father was, from my earliest recollection, in comfortable circumstances, considering the times, his place of residence, and the community in which he lived. Mindful of his own lack of facilities for acquiring an education, his greatest desire in maturer years was for the education of his children.

5. I never missed a quarter from school from the time I was old enough to attend till the time of leaving home. This did not exempt me from labor. In my early days, every one labored more or less, in the region where my youth was spent, and more in proportion to their private means. It was only the very poor who were exempt.

6. While my father carried on the manufacture of leather and worked at the trade himself, he owned and tilled considerable land. I detested the trade, preferring almost any other labor; but I was fond of agriculture, and of all employment in which horses were used.

7. We had, among other lands, fifty acres of forest within a mile of the village. In the fall of the year choppers were employed to cut enough wood to last a twelvemonth. When I was seven or eight years of age, I began hauling all the wood used in

the house and shops. I could not load it on the wagons, of course, at that time, but I could drive, and the choppers would load, and some one at the house unload.

8. When about eleven years old, I was strong enough to hold a plow. From that age until seventeen I did all the work done with horses, such as breaking up the land, furrowing, plowing corn and potatoes, bringing in the crops when harvested, hauling all the wood, besides tending two or three horses, a cow or two, and sawing wood for stoves, etc., while still attending school.

9. For this I was compensated by the fact that there was never any scolding or punishing by my parents; no objection to rational enjoyments, such as fishing, going to the creek a mile away to swim in summer, taking a horse and visiting my grandparents in the adjoining county, fifteen miles off, skating on the ice in winter, or taking a horse and sleigh when there was snow on the ground.

10. While still quite young I had visited Cincinnati, forty-five miles away, several times, alone; also Maysville, Kentucky, often, and once Louisville. The journey to Louisville was a long one for a boy of that day. I had also gone once in a two-horse carriage to Chillicothe, about seventy miles, with a neighbor's family, who were removing to Toledo,

Ohio, and returned alone ; and had gone once, in like manner, to Flat Rock, Kentucky, about seventy miles away.

11. One of my schoolmates is reported as having told of an early horse trade of mine. As he told the story, there was a Mr. Ralston living within a few miles of the village, who owned a colt which I very much wanted. My father had offered twenty dollars for it, but the owner wanted twenty-five.

12. I was so anxious to have the colt that, after the owner left, I begged to be allowed to take him at the price demanded. My father yielded, but said twenty dollars was all the horse was worth, and told me to offer that price ; if it was not accepted I was to offer twenty-two and a half, and if that would not get him, to give the twenty-five. I at once mounted a horse and went for the colt.

13. When I got to Mr. Ralston's house, I said to him: "Papa says I may offer you twenty dollars for the colt, but if you won't take that, I am to offer twenty-two and a half, and if you won't take that, to give you twenty-five." It would not require a Connecticut man to guess the price finally agreed upon.

14. This story is nearly true. I certainly showed very plainly that I had come for the colt and meant to have him. I could not have been over eight years old at the time. This transaction caused me great



ULYSSES S. GRANT

heartburning. The story got out among the boys of the village, and it was a long time before I heard the last of it. Boys enjoy the misery of their companions, at least village boys in that day did, and in later life I have found that not all adults are free from the peculiarity.

15. I kept the horse until he was four years old, when he went blind, and I sold him for twenty dollars. When I went to school in Maysville, in 1836, at the age of fourteen, I recognized my colt as one of the blind horses working on the treadwheel of the ferryboat.

16. I have described enough of my early life to give an impression of the whole. I did not like to work; but I did as much of it, while young, as grown men can be hired to do in these days, and attended school at the same time. I had as many privileges as any boy in the village, and probably more than most of them.

17. I have no recollection of ever having been punished at home, either by scolding or by the rod. But at school the case was different. The rod was freely used there, and I was not exempt from its infliction. I can see the school-teacher now, with his long beech switch always in his hand. It was not always the same one, either.

18. Switches were brought in bundles, from a

beech wood near the schoolhouse, by the boys for whose benefit they were intended. Often a whole bundle would be used up in a single day. I never had any hard feelings against my teacher, either while attending the school, or in later years when reflecting upon my experience. He was a kind-hearted man, and was much respected by the community in which he lived. He only followed the universal custom of the period, and that under which he had received his own education.

— ULYSSES S. GRANT.

LXXXVI. KING CANUTE

1. King Canute was weary-hearted : he had reigned
for years a score,
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing
much and robbing more ;
And he thought upon his actions, walking by
the wild seashore.
2. On that day a something vexed him ; that was
clear to old and young ;
Thrice his Grace had yawned at table when his
favorite gleemen sung ;
Once the Queen would have consoled him, but
he bade her hold her tongue.

3. "Something ails my gracious master," cried
the Keeper of the Seal.
"Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys served at
dinner, or the veal?"
"Pshaw!" exclaimed the angry monarch.
"Keeper, 'tis not that I feel."
4. "'Tis the heart and not the dinner, fool, that
doth my rest impair:
Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet
know no care?
Oh, I'm sick, and tired, and weary." Some one
cried, "The King's armchair!"
5. Then towards the lackeys turning, quick my
Lord the Keeper nodded:
Straight the King's great chair was brought
him, by two footmen able-bodied;
Languidly he sank into it: it was comfortably
wadded.
6. "Ah! I feel," said old King Canute, "that my
end is drawing near."
"Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers (striving
each to squeeze a tear):
"Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may
live this fifty year."

7. "Live these fifty year!" the Bishop roared,
with actions made to suit.

"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to
speak of King Canute?

Men have lived a thousand years, and sure his
Majesty will do't.

8. "With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a
doctor can compete:

Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up
clean upon their feet:

Surely he could raise the dead up, did his
Highness think it meet.

9. "Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun
upon the hill,

And, the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver
moon stand still?

So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were
his sacred will."

10. "Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir
Bishop?" Canute cried;

"Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon
her heavenly ride?

If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can com-
mand the tide.

11. "Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if
I make the sign?"
Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, "Land and sea,
my lord, are thine."
Canute turned towards the ocean. "Back!"
he said, "thou foaming brine!"
12. "From the sacred shore I stand on, I command
thee to retreat;
Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach
thy master's seat:
Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not
nearer to my feet!"
13. But the sullen ocean answered, with a louder,
deeper roar;
And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sound-
ing on the shore:
Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the
King and courtiers bore.
14. And he sternly bade them nevermore to bow to
human clay,
But alone to praise and worship That which
earth and seas obey;
And his golden crown of empire never wore he
from that day.

—WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

LXXXVII. THE MISER

1. Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that.

2. Old Marley was as dead as a doornail.

3. Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a doornail. But permit me to repeat, that Marley was as dead as a doornail.

4. Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years.

5. Scrooge never painted out Old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names. It was all the same to him.

6. Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shriveled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows,

and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog days and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

7. No warmth could warm, no wintry weather chill him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often "came down" handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

8. Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"

9. Once upon a time — of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve — old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather — foggy withal — and he could hear the people in the court outside go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and

stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them.

10. The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open, that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of strong imagination, he failed.

11. "A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

12. "Bah!" said Scrooge. "Humbug!"

13. He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

14. "Christmas a humbug, uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure?"

15. "I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry?"

16. "What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge, indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

17. "Uncle!" pleaded the nephew.

18. "Nephew!" returned the uncle, sternly, "keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

19. "Keep it!" repeated Scrooge's nephew. "But you don't keep it."

20. "Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge. "Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

21. "There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say," returned the nephew, "Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas-time as a good time; a kind, forgiving, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long

calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

22. The clerk in the bank involuntarily applauded. Becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and extinguished the last frail spark forever.

23. "Let me hear another sound from *you*," said Scrooge, "and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation. You're quite a powerful speaker, sir," he added, turning to his nephew. "I wonder you don't go into Parliament."

24. "Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us to-morrow."

25. Scrooge said that he would see him — yes, indeed he did.

26. "But why?" cried Scrooge's nephew. "Why?"

27. "Why did you get married?" said Scrooge.

28. "Because I fell in love."

29. "Because you fell in love!" growled Scrooge, as if that were the only one thing in the world more

ridiculous than a merry Christmas. "Good afternoon!"

30. "Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?"

31. "Good afternoon," said Scrooge.

32. "I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?"

33. "Good afternoon," said Scrooge.

34. "I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel, to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So, A Merry Christmas, uncle!"

35. "Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

36. "And A Happy New Year!"

37. "Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

38. His nephew left the room without an angry word.

— CHARLES DICKENS in *A Christmas Carol*.

LXXXVIII. THE THREE COPECKS

1. Crouched low in a sordid chamber,
 With a cupboard of empty shelves,
 Half starved, and, alas! unable
 To comfort or help themselves,

2. Two children were left forsaken,
All orphaned of mortal care;
But with spirits too close to heaven
To be tainted by earth's despair.
3. Alone in that crowded city,
Which shines like an arctic star,
By the banks of the frozen Neva,
In the realm of the mighty Czar.
4. Now, Max was an urchin of seven;
But his delicate sister Leeze,
With the crown of her rippling ringlets,
Could scarcely have reached your knees.
5. As he looked at his sister weeping,
And tortured by hunger's smart,
A thought, like an angel, entered
At the door of his open heart.
6. He wrote on a fragment of paper,
With quivering hand and soul,
"Please send to me, Christ, three copecks,
To purchase for Leeze a roll!"
7. Then rushed to a church, his missive
To drop ere the vesper psalms,
As the surest mail bound Christward,
In the unlocked box for alms!

8. While he stepped upon tiptoe to reach it
 One passed from the priestly band,
 And, with smile like a benediction,
 Took the note from his eager hand.
9. Having read it, the good man's bosom
 Grew warm with a holy joy ;
 " Ah, Christ may have heard you already!
 Will you come to *my* house, my boy? "
10. " But not without Leeze ? " " No, surely,
 We'll have a rare party of three ;
 Go, tell her that somebody's waiting
 To welcome her home to tea."
11. That night, in the cosiest cottage,
 The orphans were safe at rest ;
 Each sang as a callow birdling
 In the depths of its downy nest.
12. And the next Lord's Day, in his pulpit,
 The preacher so spake of these —
 Stray lambs from the fold which Jesus
 Had blessed by the sacred seas ;
13. So recounted their guileless story,
 As he held each child by the hand,
 That the hardest there could feel it,
 And the dullest could understand.

14. O'er the eyes of the listening fathers
 There floated a gracious mist;
 And oh, how the tender mothers
 Those desolate darlings kissed!
15. "You have given your tears," said the preacher;
 "Heart-almes we should none despise;
 But the open palm, my children,
 Is more than the weeping eyes!"
16. Then followed a swift collection,
 From the altar steps to the door,
 Till the sum of two thousand rubles
 The vergers had counted o'er.
17. So you see that the unmailed letter
 Had somehow gone to its goal,
 And more than three copecks gathered
 To purchase for Leeze a roll!

— PAUL H. HAYNE.

LXXXIX. LITTLE GAVROCHE

I

1. Years ago there might have been noticed on the streets of Paris a boy of eleven or twelve years of age, who was known by the name of Little Gavroche. This child was dressed in a man's trousers

and a woman's jacket, in which some kind persons had clothed him out of charity.

2. Little Gavroche was never so comfortable anywhere as in the street. He was a noisy, pale, active, sharp, impudent lad, with a cunning and sickly look. He came and went, sang, played at hopscotch, searched the gutters, stole a little, but gayly, like cats and sparrows, laughed when he was called a scamp, and felt angry when he was called a thief. He had no bed, no bread, no fire, no love; but he was happy because he was free.

3. One evening in the early spring, when the breezes were blowing sharply, so sharply that January seemed to have returned, and the citizens had put on their cloaks again, little Gavroche, still shivering gayly under his rags, was standing as if in ecstasy in front of a hairdresser's shop. He was adorned with a woolen shawl, picked up no one knew where, of which he had made a muffler. Little Gavroche appeared to be lost in admiration of a waxen image of a bride, with a wreath of orange blossoms in her hair, which revolved between two lamps in the window. But in reality he was watching the shop to see whether he could not snatch a cake of soap, which he would afterward sell to a barber in the suburbs.

4. While Gavroche was examining the bride, the window, and the soap, he saw two boys, very decently

dressed, both younger than himself, timidly open the door and enter the shop. They both spoke together, asking for charity. Their words were unintelligible, because sobs choked the voice of the younger boy and cold made the teeth of the elder rattle. The barber without laying down his razor, drove them into the street, and closed the door.

5. The two lads set off again, crying. A cloud had come up in the meanwhile, and rain began to fall. Little Gavroche ran up to them.

6. "What is the matter with you?" he asked.

7. "We don't know where to sleep," the elder replied.

8. "Is that all?" said Gavroche. "Is that anything to cry about, simpletons?" And assuming an accent of tender care and gentle protection, he said:—

9. "Come with me, boys."

10. "Yes, sir," said the elder boy.

11. And the two children followed him as they would have done an archbishop, and left off crying.

12. As they went along the street, Gavroche noticed a little girl shivering in a gateway.

13. "Poor girl," said Gavroche. "Here, take this." And taking off the good woollen garment which he had around his neck, he threw it over the thin, bare shoulders of the beggar girl, where the

muffler became once again a shawl. The little girl looked at him with an astonished air and received the shawl in silence.

14. The shower, redoubling its passion, poured down. "Hello!" Gavroche shouted. "What's the meaning of this? It is raining again." And he went on, shivering with the cold. "No matter," he said, as he took a glance at the beggar girl crouching under her shawl, "she's got something to cover her, anyway."

15. The two children limped after him, and as they passed a baker's shop Gavroche turned round. "By the by, boys, have you dined?"

16. "We have had nothing to eat, sir, since early this morning," the elder answered.

17. Gavroche stopped and for some minutes searched through his rags. At length he raised his head with an air of triumph. "Calm yourselves; here is supper for three;" and he drew a coin from one of his pockets. Without giving the lads time to feel amazed, he pushed them both before him into the baker's shop, and laid his money on the counter, exclaiming, "Bread for three!"

18. When the bread was cut, Gavroche said to the two boys, "Eat away." At the same time he gave each of them a lump of bread. There was one piece smaller than the two others, and he took

that for himself. Then he said, "Let us return to the street," and they started again in the direction of the Bastille. From time to time, as they passed lighted shops, the younger boy stopped to see what time it was.

II

19. Some years back there might have been seen in the southeastern corner of the square of the Bastille a quaint monument. It was an elephant, forty feet high, constructed of carpentry and masonry. On its back it bore a castle which resembled a house, once painted green by some plasterer, and now painted black by the rain and by time.

20. In this deserted corner of the square, the wide forehead of the elephant, its trunk, its tusks, its castle, its enormous back, and its four feet, like columns, produced at night a surprising and terrible outline. No one knew what it meant, and no passer-by looked at it. It was falling in ruins, and each season, plaster becoming detached from its flanks made horrible wounds upon it. It was to this huge structure that Gavroche led the two urchins.

21. On coming near the colossus, Gavroche, understanding the effect which the very great may produce on the very little, said, "Don't be frightened, little ones."

22. A ladder, used by workmen during the day, was lying near the monument. Gavroche raised it with singular vigor and placed it against one of the elephant's fore legs. At the point where the ladder ended, a sort of black hole could be distinguished in the body of the colossus. Gavroche pointed out the ladder and the hole to his guests, and said, "Go up, and go in." The two little boys looked at each other in terror.

23. "You are frightened!" Gavroche exclaimed, and added, "You shall see." He clung around the elephant's wrinkled foot, and in a twinkling, without deigning to use the ladder, he reached the hole. He went in like a lizard gliding into a crevice, and a moment after the boys saw his head appear on the edge of the hole. "Well," he cried, "come up, my blessed babes. You will see how snug it is. Come up, you," he said to the elder, "I will hold your hand."

24. The elder boy ventured, and the younger, on seeing himself left alone between the feet of this great beast, felt much inclined to cry, but did not dare. The elder climbed up the rungs of the ladder in a very tottering way, and as he did so Gavroche encouraged him by exclaiming, "Don't be frightened! That is it — keep on moving; set your foot there; now your hand here — bravo!" And when he was

within reach, Gavroche quickly and powerfully seized him by the arm and drew him in.

25. "Swallowed!" he said. The boy had passed through the crevice. "Now," said Gavroche, "wait for me. Pray sit down, sir." And leaving the hole in the way he had entered it, he slid down the elephant's leg with the agility of a monkey, and fell on his feet in the grass. Seizing the younger boy around the waist, he planted him in the middle of the ladder. Then he began ascending behind him, shouting to the elder boy, "I'll push him and you pull him."

26. In a second the little fellow was pushed, dragged, pulled, and drawn through the hole, before he knew where he was; and Gavroche, entering after him, kicked away the ladder, and clapped his hands as he shouted, "Here we are! Long live General Lafayette!" This explosion over, he added, "Boys, you are in my house."

27. Gavroche was, in fact, at home. Oh, goodness of the giants! This huge monument had become the lodging of a waif. The people who passed by the elephant of the Bastille were prone to look at it scornfully and say, "Of what use is that?" Yet it served to save from cold, from frost, from damp, from wind and rain, a little fatherless, motherless boy, without bread, clothes, or shelter.

28. The hole by which Gavroche entered was scarcely visible from the outside, as it was concealed under the elephant's body, and so narrow that only cats and boys could pass through it.

29. "Let us begin," said Gavroche, "by telling the porter that we are not at home." And plunging into the darkness, he took a plank and stopped up the hole. Gavroche plunged again into the darkness. The children heard the fizzing of a match. A sudden light made them wink. Gavroche had lit a bit of string dipped in pitch, and this thing, which gave more smoke than light, made the inside of the elephant indistinctly visible.

30. An entire gigantic skeleton was to be seen. The pieces which had fallen from the elephant's back had filled up the cavity, so that it was possible to walk on it as on a flooring.

31. Gavroche's two guests looked fearfully into the dark corners. The younger lad nudged his brother and said, "How black it is!" This remark made Gavroche cry out, "It is outside that it is black. Outside it rains, and here it does not rain. Outside it is cold, and here there is not a breath of wind. Outside there is not even the moon, and here there is a candle."

III

32. The two lads began looking around the apartment with less terror, but Gavroche did not allow them any time for meditation. "Quick!" he said. And he thrust them toward that end of the room where his bed was.

33. Gavroche's bed had a mattress, a coverlet, and an alcove with curtains. The mattress was a straw mat, and the coverlet was a blanket of coarse gray wool, very warm and nearly new. This is what the alcove was: three long props were driven into the plaster soil, two in front and one behind, so as to form a hollow pyramid. These props supported a grating of brass wire that entirely surrounded the three poles. A row of large stones fastened the latticework down to the ground, so that nothing could pass. Gavroche's bed was under the wirework, as in a cage, and the whole resembled an Eskimo's tent.

34. Gavroche moved a few of the stones that held down the latticework in front, and shouted to the lads, "Now, then, crawl in." He made his guests enter the cage cautiously, then went in after them, brought the stones together again, and closed the opening.

35. They lay down, all three on the mat. Gav-

roche still held the candle in his hand. "Now," he said, "go to sleep; I am going to put out the light."

36. "What is that for, sir?" the elder of the lads asked Gavroche, pointing to the brass grating.

37. "That," said Gavroche, gravely, "is on account of the rats. Go to sleep!" Still he continued, "It came from the park, and is employed to guard ferocious animals."

38. While speaking, Gavroche wrapped up the little boy in the blanket, who murmured, "Oh, that is nice, it is so warm!"

39. Gavroche took a glance of satisfaction at the coverlet. "That also comes from the park," he said; "I took it from the monkeys." And pointing out to the elder one the thick straw mat on which he was lying, he added, "That belonged to the giraffe."

40. After a pause he continued, "The beasts had all these things, and I took them from them. They were not at all angry, for I told them that I wanted them for the elephant."

41. The younger lad had his eyes wide open, but said nothing. As he was on the edge of the mat, the elder being in the center, Gavroche tucked the coverlet around him as a mother would have done. Then he turned to the elder boy. "Well, it is jolly here, is it not?"

42. "Oh, yes," the lad answered, as he looked at Gavroche gratefully.

43. The two poor little fellows who had been wet through began to grow warm again. At this moment a drop of pitch fell on Gavroche's hand.

44. "See!" he said, "the match is wearing out. Pay attention! When people go to bed they are expected to go to sleep."

45. The storm grew more furious, and through the thunder peals the rain could be heard pattering on the back of the colossus.

46. "Wrap yourselves well in the blanket, children," said Gavroche, "for I am going to put the light out. Are you all right?" "Yes," said the elder boy, "I am all right, and feel as if I had a feather pillow under my head." The two lads crept close together; Gavroche made them comfortable on the mat, and pulled the blanket up to their ears. Then he repeated for the third time, "Go to sleep."

47. He blew out the rope's end. The light was scarce extinguished before a singular trembling began to shake the trelliswork under which the three children were lying. It was a multitude of dull rubbings, as if claws and teeth were assailing the copper wire. This was accompanied by all sorts of little shrill cries.

48. The little boy of five years of age, hearing

this noise above his head, was chilled with terror. He nudged his elder brother, who was sleeping already, as Gavroche had ordered him. Then the little one, unable to hold out any longer for fright, dared to address Gavroche, but in a very low voice.

49. "Sir!" "Hello!" said Gavroche, who had just closed his eyes.

50. "What is that?" "It's the rats," Gavroche answered. And he laid his head again on the mat.

51. "Sir!" he began again. "Well?" Gavroche asked.

52. "What are rats?" "They are mice."

53. This explanation slightly reassured the child, for he had seen white mice in his life and had not been afraid of them. Still he trembled with fear.

54. "Don't be frightened," said Gavroche, "they can't get in. And then, I am here. Stay; take my hand; hold your tongue and go to sleep."

55. The night hours passed away; darkness covered the immense Bastille square. A winter wind, which was mingled with rain, blew in gusts. The patrols examined doors and dark corners, searching for vagabonds, and passed silently before the elephant. The monster, erect and motionless, with its eyes open in the darkness, sheltered from the sky and rain the three poor, sleeping children.

— VICTOR HUGO.

XL. THE STORY OF MY BOYHOOD

I

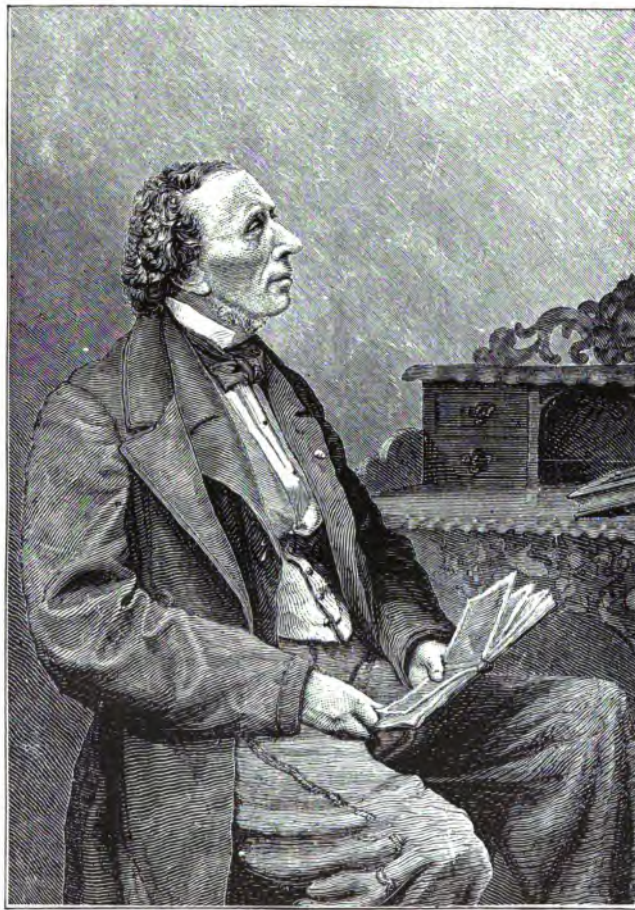
1. My life is a lovely story, happy and full of incident. If, when I was a boy, a good fairy had met me and said, "Choose now thine own course through life, and I will guide and defend thee," my fate could not have been directed more happily.

2. In the year 1805, there lived in Odense, in a small room, a young married couple. The man was a shoemaker, scarcely twenty-two years old, a man of richly gifted and truly poetical mind. His wife was ignorant of life and of the world, but possessed a heart full of love. The young man had himself made his shoemaking bench, and the furniture with which he began housekeeping.

3. In this small room there lay, on the 2d of April, 1805, a living, weeping child. That was myself, Hans Christian Andersen. During the first day of my existence my father is said to have sat by my bed and read aloud, but I cried all the time.

4. "Wilt thou go to sleep, or listen quietly?" my father asked in joke; but I still cried on.

5. Our little room, which was almost filled with the shoemaker's bench and my crib, was the abode



HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

of my childhood. The walls were covered with pictures, and over the workbench was a cupboard, containing books and songs. The little kitchen was full of shining plates and metal pans, and by means of a ladder it was possible to go out on the roof. Here there stood a great chest filled with soil, my mother's sole garden, and where she grew her vegetables.

6. I was the only child, and my father gratified me in all my wishes. I possessed his whole heart. He lived for me. On holidays he made me theaters and pictures, and read to me from the "Arabian Tales."

7. It was only in such moments as these that I can remember to have seen him really cheerful. His parents had been country people in good circumstances, but upon whom many misfortunes had fallen. The cattle had died ; the farmhouse had been burned down ; and, lastly, his father had lost his reason. On this his mother had removed to Odense, and there put her son, whose mind was full of intelligence, apprentice to a shoemaker.

8. It was my poor father's ardent desire to attend the grammar school where he might learn Latin. But he saw his dearest wish unfulfilled, and he never lost the remembrance of it. I recollect that once, as a child, I saw tears in his eyes, and it was when a youth from the grammar school came to our house

and showed us his books and told us what he learned.

9. On Sundays my father went out into the woods and took me with him. He did not talk much when he was out, but sat silently, sunk in deep thought, whilst I ran about and gathered strawberries or bound garlands. Only twice in the year, and that in the month of May, when the woods were arrayed in their earliest green, did my mother go with us. She wore a cotton gown on these occasions, which, as long as I can remember, was her holiday gown. She always took home with her from the wood a great many fresh beech boughs, which were then planted in the garden on the roof.

10. One of my first recollections had for me a good deal of importance. It was a family festival, and can you guess where? In that very place in Odense which I had always looked on with fear and trembling — in the Odense House of Correction.

11. My parents were acquainted with the jailer, who invited them to a family dinner, and I was to go with them. I was at that time still so small that I was carried when I returned home.

12. The House of Correction was for me a great storehouse of tales about robbers and thieves. Often I had stood, but always at a safe distance, and

listened to the singing of the men within and of the women spinning at their wheels.

13. I went with my parents to the jailer's. The heavy iron-bolted gate was opened and again locked with the key from the rattling bunch. We mounted a steep staircase — we ate and drank, and two of the prisoners waited at the table. They could not induce me to taste of anything. The sweetest things I pushed away. My mother told them I was sick, and I was laid on a bed, where I heard the spinning wheels humming near by and merry singing; but I know that I was afraid all the time. And yet I was in a pleasant humor, making up stories of how I had entered a castle full of robbers. Late in the night my parents went home, carrying me, the rain dashing against my face.

14. Odense was in my childhood quite another town from what it is now. Then it was a hundred years behind the times. Many customs and manners prevailed which have since disappeared from the capital. When the guilds removed their signs, they went in procession with flying banners and with lemons dressed in ribbons stuck on their swords, led by a harlequin with bells and a wooden sword.

15. The first Monday in Lent the butchers used to lead through the streets a fat ox, adorned with

wreaths of flowers, and ridden by a boy in a white gown and wearing wings.

16. The sailors also passed through the streets with music and flags and streamers flying. Two of the boldest wrestled on a plank placed between two boats, and the one that did not tumble into the water was the hero.

II

17. In my sixth year came the great comet of 1811. My mother told me that it would destroy the earth, or that other horrible things threatened us. I listened to all these stories and fully believed them. With my mother and some of the neighboring women I stood in the churchyard and looked at the frightful and mighty fireball with its large, shining tail.

18. All talked about the signs of evil and the day of doom. My father was not of their opinion at all, and gave them a correct and sound explanation. Then my mother sighed, the women shook their heads, and my father laughed and went away. In the evening my mother and my grandmother talked together. I do not know how my grandmother explained it, but I sat in her lap and looked into her mild eyes, and expected every moment that the comet would rush down and the day of judgment come.

19. The mother of my father came daily to our house, were it only for a moment, in order to see her little grandson, for I was her joy and her delight. Every Sunday evening she brought us some flowers. These adorned my mother's cupboard, but still they were mine ; and I was allowed to put them in a glass of water. How great was this pleasure !

20. I very seldom played with other boys. Even at school I took little interest in their games, but remained sitting within doors. At home I had playthings enough, which my father made for me. I was a singularly dreamy child, and went about with my eyes half shut.

21. A teacher who had an A B C school taught me the letters, to spell, and to read. She used to have her seat in a high-backed armchair near the clock, from which, at every stroke, some little figures came out. She made use of a big rod, which she always carried with her. The school consisted mostly of girls. It was the custom of the school for all to spell loudly and in as high a key as possible. One day, having got a hit of the rod, I rose immediately, took my book, and went home to my mother. I asked that I might go to another school, and my mother sent me to a school for boys. There was also one girl there, a little one, somewhat older than I. We became very good friends. She used

to say that she went to school especially to learn arithmetic, for she could then become dairymaid in some great house.

22. "That you can become in my castle, when I am a nobleman!" said I, and she laughed at me and told me I was only a poor boy.

23. I was the smallest in the school, and my teacher always took me by the hand while the other boys played, that I might not be run over. He loved me much, gave me cakes and flowers, and tapped me on the cheeks.

24. Sometimes, during the harvest, my mother went into the fields to glean. I accompanied her, and we went, like Ruth in the Bible to glean in the rich fields of Boaz. One day we went to a place the bailiff of which was a man of rude and savage disposition. We saw him coming with a huge whip in his hand, and my mother and all the others ran away. I had wooden shoes on my bare feet, and in my haste I lost these, and the thorns pricked me so that I could not run. Thus I was left behind and alone. The man came up and lifted his whip to strike me, when I looked him in the face and exclaimed, "How dare you strike me, when God can see it?"

25. The strong, stern man looked at me, and at once became mild. He patted me on my cheeks,

asked me my name, and gave me money. When I brought the money to my mother and showed it to her, she said to the others, "He is a strange child, my Hans Christian; everybody is kind to him."

26. My father died while I was still a small boy. When I wept, my mother said: "He is dead, thou needst not call him. The ice maiden has taken him away."

27. I understood what she meant. I recollected that, in the winter before, when our window panes were frozen, my father had pointed to them and showed us a figure like that of a maiden with outstretched arms. "She has come to fetch me," said he, in jest. And now, when he lay dead, my mother remembered this, and it was in my thoughts also.

28. I grew rapidly, and was a tall lad. My mother said that I must not go any longer without an object in life. I was sent, therefore, to the charity school, where I learned religion, writing, and arithmetic.

29. I had saved a little sum of money, and when I counted it over, I found it to be about thirty shillings. I was quite overjoyed at the possession of so much wealth, and I besought my mother that I might make a journey to Copenhagen, to see the greatest city in the world.

30. "What wilt thou do there?" asked my mother.

31. "I will be famous," returned I; and then I told her all that I had read about great men. "People have," said I, "at first an immense amount of adversity to go through, and then they will be famous."

32. At last my mother consented. She packed my clothes in a small bundle, and made a bargain with the driver of a post carriage to take me back with him to Copenhagen. The afternoon on which I was to set out came, and my mother accompanied me to the city gate. Here stood my old grandmother. In the last few years her beautiful hair had become gray. She fell upon my neck and wept, without being able to speak a word. I was myself deeply affected. And thus we parted. I saw her no more, for she died in the following year.

33. The postilion blew his horn. It was a glorious afternoon, and the sunshine soon entered into my gay, childlike mind.

— HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, in *The Story of my Life*.



